

31913018549078

GARFIELD GLEANER

June, 1924

Garfield Gleaner

Published by the students of

Garfield School

June, 1924

DEDICATION

*To the Parent Teacher-Association which has
at all times so kindly co-operated with the
students and faculty of Garfield this
Gleaner is gratefully dedicated.*



EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, GARFIELD PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

Standing (left to right)—Mrs. I. Damon, Mrs. Gerow, Mrs. Harold Brown, Mrs. W. I. Rush, Mrs. Boles, Mrs. C. G. Strickland, Mrs. C. E. Condon.

Seated—Mrs. F. D. Merrill, Mrs. Paul Dragon, Mrs. Henry Bradley, Mrs. George A. Brown (President), Mrs. A. J. S. Robertson, Miss Mona Skinner, Master Malcolm Robertson (mascot).

THE GLEANER STAFF takes great pleasure in dedicating this issue of the Gleaner to the Garfield Parent-Teacher Association. We are fortunate in having so large a number of patrons who take an active and unselfish interest in our school welfare. In whatever the school undertakes we find our parents and teachers standing encouragingly and helpfully back of us. While we might expect this of our teachers, who direct our daily work in the school, not every school is so fortunate as to have the friendship and co-operation of the parents as well.

We owe the equipment of our gymnasium to the efforts of our Parent-Teacher Association. Their united efforts brought us our new auditorium. They have just paid for the electric lights in the auditorium, which cost \$275.

These are but a few of the many illustrations that might be given of their helpful contributions to Garfield. "Every day in every way" they plan for our good. They rejoice in our success and progress.

We are happy to show our appreciation by this tribute—the dedication to them of our school paper.

FACULTY

MR. HENNESSEY.....	Principal
MISS ABBAY.....	French
MISS ARENDT.....	History, Typing
MISS BARRY.....	Cooking, Sewing
MRS. BRENNAN.....	Sewing
MISS BONNEY.....	Music
MISS CANNON.....	Secretary
MR. FLANDERS.....	Manual Training
MISS FRASER.....	History
MRS. GAVIN.....	Mathematics
MISS GAY.....	English
MRS. GRAY.....	English
MISS GROVER.....	History, Latin
MISS HAMSHER.....	English, History, Typing
MISS KELTON.....	English, Mathematics
MR. KILBURN.....	Physical Education
MRS. KILKENNY.....	English, Mathematics
MISS KIDWELL.....	History, Drawing
MRS. KLEEBERGER.....	French, Spanish
MR. LELAND.....	Mechanical Drawing, Manual Training
MISS LOWREY.....	English, Science
MISS MACGREGOR.....	Drawing
MISS MARTIN.....	Mathematics, Latin
MISS MOSSMAN.....	Mathematics, English
MISS PATTON.....	Librarian
MRS. PENFIELD.....	English, History
MISS PETERSON.....	English
MISS RILEY.....	English, History
MR. RUSHFORTH.....	Science
MRS. RUSS.....	History, Drawing
MRS. C. SMITH.....	English, History
MRS. I. SMITH.....	Mathematics, History, Music
MISS SKINNER.....	English, Mathematics
MISS STOUT.....	Physical Education
MISS TALBOTT.....	English
MISS WILSON.....	English, History, Mathematics
MISS WHITE.....	History, Mathematics
MR. ZIMMERMAN.....	Mathematics, English

Garfield Gleaner

Vol. XII

BERKELEY, CALIF., JUNE, 1924

No. 1

GRADUATION

FOREWORD

The graduating class of 1924 enjoys the honor of being not only the first class to complete its whole three years in our new school, but also the first to graduate from our new auditorium. This class has seen many changes in the school. We can remember when, on rainy days, instead of taking gym, we stayed in a room, so crowded that we could hardly take the necessary exercises. Then our new gym was built, and there was much rejoicing. We can remember when we held assemblies in the inner court, then a much-littered place of rough ground that was flooded almost ankle-deep in wet weather. We saw a dusty, dirty expanse turned, as by magic, to a clean, well-equipped playground. And finally, we have seen our new auditorium rise.

It is only for those who have gone through these inconveniences—and that is many of us—to fully appreciate our school as it is now.

We feel that we are the pioneer class of our school, and, when we see our school, and its auditorium, we thrill with pride as we realize that we are its "first."

MRS. KLEEBERGER'S ADVISORY

Mrs. Kleeberger's advisory entered Garfield in the autumn of 1921. It was greatly honored by being the first class to enter the "new" Garfield, as low sevens, also the first to have 100 per cent in banking. The advisory has had the statue of *Inspirazione* twice, once for having the highest percentage of pupils on the honor roll.

The boys in the class have always excelled in athletics, and are excellent tumblers also.

Among the notable events of the class history, it is well to mention that the class has given "Toussaint L'Ouverture" five times, and the "Thrift Play" four times. It was the first class to graduate in the gymnasium, and will be the first H-9 class to give the Shakespearian play and hold our commencement exercises in the auditorium.

Various members of the class have taken active parts in the "Sirkus," "Library Day," "Mistletoe Bough" and the Thrift Play.

Every year the class has had a spring picnic in the hills, but this year Mrs. Klee-

berger gave a party for the class at her home instead.

We shall all be very sorry to say farewell to Mrs. Kleeberger and the other teachers, and are exceedingly grateful to them for the kind and generous guidance they have given us during our three years at Garfield.

Elizabeth Bradford H-9-K.

MRS. KLEEBERGER'S ADVISORY

A is for Alfred, our basketball star,
He rings every bucket, though he shoots
from afar.

B is for Bobby; he is the guy,
Who made the third out on an infield fly.

C is for Clement, who is writing this;
And he is now hoping a word he won't miss
(spell).

D is for Donald our athletic man,
When he gets to bat you'll be sure he won't
fan.

E is for Emily, a block G she's got,
And about basketball she knows quite a lot.

F is for Frances, who learns about cooking
And eats quite a bit when the teacher's
not looking.

G is for Gravem who takes history
And how he gets 1's is quite a mystery.

H is for handball at which we are fine,
David Gilmore thinks he made the "nine."

I is for idiots of which we have none
But of course others say that they know
we have some.

J is for Jack and he's very shy,
He'll tell me nothing, I don't know why.

K is for Kleeberger our teacher's good name
Who has led us on toward glory and fame.

L is for Lester who's good at English,
For you know after all that he's not such
a fish.

M is for Moore who takes manual arts,
He makes up things from an assortment of
parts.

N is for nothing which we require,
To make ourselves better, no sire!

O is for Oscar, who is fourteen years old.
Tales about baseball by him are told.

P is for Priscilla who marks when we're
present

And about her task is always quite pleasant.

Q is for query of which there is none
About our department, Oh, what fun!

R is for Robley, our class's great snake,
Who his best haircomb to school he does
take.



Top Row—Florence Demeritt, Florence Geraty, Ethel Rebag, Freda Hassell, Helen Autzen, Beckwith Hackley, Harold Kehoe, Julius Freitag, James Langberg, Edward Rose, Moore Devin, Clement Allen, Lars Graven, Oscar Freitag, Alfred Watson.

Second Row—Edwin Larson, Thelma Fuller, Theodore Heinrich, Florence Lister, Donald Munro, Sidney Dennison, Margaret Blackwell, Bessie Scarfe, Nancy Hammatt, Marybeth Green.

Third Row—Lillian Stephens, Esther Canham, Ethel Zimmerman, Donald Dart, Ruth Stott, Robert Dewell, Verona Gleason, Jack Davis, Marion Chase, David Gilmore, Dorothy Worley, James Kavanagh, Margaret Wilson.

Front Row—Elizabeth Bradford, Barbara Mervy, Carolyn Sills, Mary Frances Thelen, Lester Berry, Dick Mansell, Emily McKelligon, Ruth Waldo, Frances Rogers, Priscilla Ruggles.



Top Row—George Bernard, Chester Huddleston, Pemberton Tenney, Roger Miller, Harold Kay, Ernest Hockenbeamer, Roger Lindquist, Herbert Foster, Gordon Graham, William Terschuren, Edwin Van de Mark.

Second Row—Mary Belford, Aurora Piscitelli, Alice Grady, Marjorie Leather, Eloise Porter, Eleanor Rasar, Maurice May, Tony Colla, Andrew Stewart, Edgar Pinkerton, Jack Jagger, Robert Hazlett Perry.

Third Row—Eldridge Farnsworth, Loucrecia Scholin, Edward Boynton, Hattie Ruth Merrill, Alan Finlay, Brenda Hargrave, Charles Cook, Beatrice Baylis, Byron Larson, Jean Cleghorn, Dorothy Dutton, Mary Smith, Daniel Herb, Hortense Weston.

Front Row—Sylvia Batdorf, Gladys Garner, Kathleen Bendall, Beth Strickland, Harry Kellogg, Robert Hunter, Ned Steinmetz, Jean Pedersen, Margaret Williams, Bertha Theis.

S is for Spaulding, his other name,
Who has helped Garfield get it's baseball
fame.

T is tennis which some of us play
In the bright sunny months about April and
May.

U is for uppish which we are not
Though we win all the leagues they are
soon "forgot."

V is for verse of which this is one.
And to compare with it I'm sure there'll be
none.

W is for Waldo, the editor's name.
She writes for the Gleaner and edits the
same.

X is for excellence which we all show
Whether in lessons or sports I don't know
Y is for you, who will read this poem
And find what an advisory has 17 for its
home.

Z is for zeal which we all display
On May second, the track-meet day.

Clement Allen H-9-K.

MRS. GRAY'S CLASS

This term our class has been most successful in all events that we have participated in. In studies as well as athletics the members of the class have entered wholeheartedly.

The girls' basketball team won the school championship as well as contributed much material to the school team. Twelve girls received "G's" for participation in the inter-school basketball games.

The boys won the championship of the school in speedball. They worked hard for it and fourteen boys were rewarded with numerals.

Our class had ten members in the track meet. Seven of them got "G's" or stars.

This, the last term in Garfield we have all done our best and have appreciated the help of the Garfield faculty. Especially to Mrs. Gray do we wish to extend our thanks for the constant help and encouragement she has given us.

Jean Pedersen,
Class Reporter.

MRS. GRAY'S CLASS

Sylvia Batdorf—Who is Sylvia? We know.

Mary Belford—"Mary, Mary quite contrary."

Beatrice Baylis—"A running girl gathers no moss."

Kathleen Bendall—"Why art thou silent, Kathleen?"

Jean Cleghorn—Mr. Hennessey's hand has been on her shoulder more than once, too.

Dorothy Dutton—"With powdered nose and pointed toe."

Alan Finlay—One of two little boys.

William Terschuren—The other.

Herbert Foster—Doctor Foster.

Alice Grady—From the wild West.

Gladys Garner—She changed her seat. I wonder why?

Gordon Graham—"Not very short, not very fat. He'll do for a basketball game," says Jack Spratt.

Brenda Hargrave—Is she in a hurry? Her tongue is.

Robert Hunter—Clash! Splatter! Bang! A broken arm.

Ernest Hockenbeamer—Honest, earnest, Ernest?

Daniel Herb—Balmy.

Harold Kay—The handsomest boy in the school. Hot dog!

Jack Jagger—"Squeak" from his motorcycle. "Squeak" from his violin.

Byron Larson—Small, but he's there.

Roger Lindquist—In algebra—foolish question number—

Marjorie Leather—Blushes and cream puffs.

Hattie Ruth Merrill—Do you think the track meet is the meeting of two railroad tracks?

Roger Miller—Hang it!

Maurice May—Little Lamb—Yiddie yamb—Yit.

Jean Pederson, Beth Strickland—They look just alike except that one is better looking than the other.

Robert Perry—His hobby—growing.

Edgar Pinkerton—Thisbe.

Aurora Piscitelli—She looks like an angel, but—

Willard Porter—Names of great men all remind us—

Eleanor Rasar—Three things happen to her every day—breakfast, lunch and dinner.

Eloise Porter—A young lady.

Mary Smith—Mary had a little brother, And she brought him to school.

Bertha Thies—"Every lassie has her laddie."

Pemberton Tenney—Did your father sign the Declaration of Independence?

Edwin Van de Mark—Couldn't I make "Vande" and "dandy" rhyme?

Hortense Weston—Dimples and such eyes.

Loucrecia Scholin—"Gee" and my "stars."

Margaret Williams—Absence makes the marks get lower.

MR. RUSHFORTH'S ADVISORY

The time is fast approaching when we, the members of Mr. Rushforth's class, will graduate. We will go out, some of us to one school, some to another, but no matter where we go, we will always be true to the standards of Garfield. We, the class of "24," thank Mr. Rushforth for his careful guidance during the past year.

Our class is composed of ten girls and thirteen boys. Both the boys and girls of our class have done very well in athletics. We have in our advisory six wearers of "G's", one numeral, one boy wearing three stars and a girl wearing a winged "G."

One of our girls, Nancy Hammatt, took part in the "Mistletoe Bough." Thelma Fuller took the part of a monkey in the freak show at our annual "Sirkus" and Ned Steinmetz took part in "Silly."

Eldridge Farnsworth—Wearer of "G," three stars—Avoiding girls.



Top Row—Lowell Jones, Charles Geller, Howard Barbera, Harry Stevenson, George Bistorious, Albert King, Ben McElroy, Carl Kay, William Chandler, Richard Gettell, Elmer Marliave, William Cooper, George Cooney.

Second Row—Grace Beaty, Morris Swan, Frances Carroll, Henry Whaley, Grace Howard, Lloyd Sherwood, Frances Worthy, Billy Jackson, Billy Jensen, Frankie Johnson, Glenn Landis, Harold Gray.

Third Row—Margaret Day, Jesse Sprigg, Marion Preddey, William Carroll, Claire Bertin, Virginia Parker, Dick Rice, Ellen Meagher, Edward Hebert, Katherine Kinney, Jasper Henry, Velma Hays, Stanley Walburg.

Front Row—Elsie Buchlie, Elsie Talbot, Dorothy Strohsah, Irene McGlaughlin, Angela Klostermann, Janet Sperry, Olive Shepardson, Evelyn Cevasco, Francis Wilke, Edwin Garwood.

Florence Geraty—"She is sweet and a little wise. Fun just twinkles in her eyes."

Ethel Zimmerman—Wearer of "G"—keeping quiet.

George Bernard—Wearer of "G"—Lady killer.

Vera Meadows—Sweet but slow.

Peter Stoner—Collecting his tardy slips.

Thelma Fuller—Freak Show—Making goo-goo eyes.

Chester Huddleston—Rodoph Vaselino.

Florence Demeritt—Wearer of winged "G"—The dancer.

Andrew Stewart—Wearer of "G," star—Snaking.

Ruth Stott—Quiet and demure.

Harry Kellog—Reserved.

Ethel Rebag—Giggling.

Ned Steinmetz—Silly talking to girls.

Helen Autzen—Wearer of "G"—Chewing the end of her pencil.

John Zuerner—Looking bashful.

Verona Gleason—Mathematics.

Tony Colla—Striving for ones.

Nancy Hammatt—Mistletoe Bough—Running through the halls.

Edward Boynton—Wearer of "G," "Red"—Baby dear.

Gray Hard—Kidding Mr. Rushforth.

Charles Cook—Girl shy.

Barry Milliken—Keep smiling—Tease.

Thanking the teachers who have made us work, we leave Garfield fully prepared for entering High School in the fall term.

Helen Autzen, Class Reporter.

MISS MARTIN'S CLASS HIGH NINE BOYS

Miss Martin was given a class of all boys at the beginning of this term, and altogether we have had a very successful year in athletics, scholarship and school activities.

In athletics we have had our share of success. In the class leagues we took a close second in speedball, and third in basketball. Many of our members made the class teams, namely, in basket ball, George Cooney, Edward Hebert, Billy Jackson, Stanley Walberg, Loyd Sherwood and Edwin Garwood. Our class received an honor when Edward Hebert was made captain of the baseball team. In track, Richard Gettell, George Cooney, John Belante, Bruce Wallace, Billy Jackson, Edwin Garwood and Dick Rice, made the team. So you see we have some fine athletes.

Not only in athletics has our class excelled but in music also. Mrs. Smith says that her class of boys is the best music class she has. Henry Whaley, a member of the class sang several times during Boy's Week and was soloist at the "Mistletoe Bough." We expect to hear Henry sing in California Glee Club some day.

During Boy's Week George Cooney, Edward Hebert and Jesse Sprigg were chosen to act as playground superintendent, fire chief and health officer, respectively. They enjoyed the work very much and gave an

interesting account of their experiences in the auditorium before the school.

In the annual Shakespeare play, the part of Bottom was given to Jesse Sprigg, of Snout to Jasper Henry and of Snug to Richard Gettell.

Our class has had a very busy and prosperous year and we shall all be sorry to leave Garfield.

Jesse Spregg H-9.

Jesse Sprigg, the Gleaner reporter of Miss Martin's advisory, suffered an extremely serious accident on Saturday, May 10. While he was with a party of Boy Scouts at the stone quarry, his ever-venturesome spirit took possession of him. He climbed out to the edge of the quarry and lost his footing. He fell over a hundred feet to the ground. As a result he broke two legs, fractured his shoulder, and received minor cuts and bruises. Had not Mr. Shelley, the Scout Field-Executive, been there to take charge of things his condition would be considerably worse. As he was to have an important part in the

Shakespearean play, Mrs. Gray will have to find someone else to take his part. We are all very glad to know that he is getting along well now and will be all right again.

Richard Glenn Gettell.

MISS BARRY'S HIGH NINE ADVISORY

Our class has had a very enjoyable time this term, under the careful supervision of Miss Barry. Our girls have participated in many events of Garfield. Some of them were in the "Mistletoe Bough." Others were in "Bookland," given by Miss Patton.

Although we are all girls, we have not abandoned athletics altogether. We have won a great many of the league games played with other classes. Some of the girls from our class were in the track meet of May 2.

I am sure that none of us will forget the delightful times we had during our last semester at Garfield.

Elsie Talbott.





EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Editor.....Ruth Waldo Assistant Editor.....Dorothy Gay
 Literary Editors.....Mary Frances Thelen, Lucile Ash, Theodore Heinrich
 Joke Editors.....Robert Perry, David Lyon, Edith Apgar
 Art Editors.....Kathryn Rogers, Ethel Rebag
 Athletic Editors.....Donald Munroe, Donald Dart
 Faculty Advisors.....Miss Talbott, Miss Wilson

BUSINESS DIVISION

Business Manager.....Sidney Dennison
 Assistant Business Manager.....Billy Jensen
 Subscription Managers.....Robert Wales, James Langberg

EDITORIAL

We all heard Mr. Christie when he talked to us at the track rally. We remember that he said that no one could win, or even do his best, without determination and spirit. At that rally Mr. Hennessey displayed to us a splendid banner, awarded for our athletic prowess, on which were recorded our victories. He told us, also, that Mr. Wheeler had sent the letters of the word "Pentathlon" to us, ready to be added to our banner when we should win the pentathlon next fall. We clapped and cheered when that was announced. But then Mr. Christie reminded us that we would not win, we would not be able to add to our banner, unless the same steadfast determination was shown as was at the track meet.

All through the term this same spirit has been displayed. At the basketball games our team came out victorious. And it was not only in the home games, but in the inter-school games as well.

Although the baseball team did not lead all the other schools in the series, they put up a brave fight. Several years hence we will not remember who won or lost, it is all in the game, and if we do our best, we may well feel victorious.

We have heard talked of many times our attitude and enthusiasm in the track. We may long look back on that day as one of the closing events of this term, whose success we may always hope to rival in the future.

Ruth Waldo.

LET US ALL REJOICE TOGETHER

I shall always remember the first day of April, 1924, not because anybody played a joke on me, but because on that day I was able to do that for which I had hoped and planned, lo, these many years. I stood for the first time upon the stage of our new auditorium and faced nearly one thousand people, students and teachers of Garfield, all seated, each in a real, comfortable chair of his own. Nearly thirteen years I have been waiting and working for this hope to become a reality. Since I came into the Whittier-Garfield school in 1911 we have never before had a room in which the entire school could be seated. It has been hard to do many of the things that have been accomplished. Pupils, teachers and parents have cheerfully accepted the discomforts and striven to overcome the disadvantages.

We can do many more things and many better things in the future. Already, the auditorium has fully proven its worth.

We have had a happy and successful year at Garfield. We are doubly happy to have had the use of the auditorium during the past two months.

The beautiful pantomime which was the opening program gave us a fitting start. Let us all work together to make the new room the "heart" of our school activities and profit by the splendid talks and other inspiring programs that we know will be given at frequent intervals during the coming terms.

D. L. Hennessey.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

"School Spirit." What do those words mean to you? You would probably say, "Why it means loyalty to your school, winning in athletics, and being good in classes." It means much more than that. What does loyalty to your school mean? It means obedience to the laws, when the teacher is out of the room as well as when she is

watching you. When the rule of "No talking in the halls" was in force we would talk deliberately if we thought we wouldn't get caught. Going to the store at noon, and many other such rules that are made for a purpose have been violated continually, not for a good reason, but just to be doing something that is wrong. This is not school loyalty; no school can ever be successful without due respect to its rules. We don't have many laws to follow, so it should be easy to keep the few we have and keep them well.

In the auditorium are two banners that give the record of our athletic triumphs. This is indeed a remarkable record as you will willingly admit. Behind every one of these victories was school spirit with a "kick," and it seems to me that if we show this spirit every day of the term our school will always keep up its high standard of excellence.

Arthur Boles L-9-Z.

THE LAND OF LEARNING

There is a land I know of, where everyone is happy. This land is ruled by School Spirit, a tall, handsome man whose broad forehead denotes learning and whose clear eyes look forward into the future. School Spirit has an army of co-workers who are the teachers and principals of the wonderful schools in his land. In the Land of Learning reside the school children of today, and it is the duty of School Spirit to help them to become the better men and women of tomorrow.

In a neighboring country lives Rowdyism, the enemy of School Spirit. This giant has made several raids on the Land of Learning, but School Spirit and his faithful general, Self-Control, led the army of teachers and pupils so successfully that Rowdyism was speedily routed. If we are not careful Rowdyism will again raid the land. Are you helping to keep him out?

Betty Branstead L-9-Z.





(MRS.) GRAY'S ELEGY

Our Myth Books toll the knell of Garfield Days.

We now await our sad fatalities.
Their name they contradict in many ways.
They are not Myths, but sad realities.

Now all our weary toil is at an end,
The lazy hours hang heavy on our hands.
Gone are the days when we must ever bend
O'er magazines and books of foreign lands.

Commercial Myths did surely make us toil,
I'm sick and tired of looking for the stuff.
Why make they not Minerva Castor Oil,
Or advertise a Vulcan Powder Puff?

Will those who see these pictures ever know,
How hard it was to find a classic face
Without some feature that would surely show
That for that myth, 'twas wholly out of place!

What matters if Old Jupiter doth wear
A look that should adorn fair Juno's brow!
Or Venus, fair, be shown with streaming hair!
We've done the best we could, I hereby vow.

O Ye in lower grades, take this from me:
Save magazines and educate your friends
To look and save and ever watchful be,
And so obtain the peace this action lends.

Ruth Waldo H-9.

PIM

Pim was jealous! Yes, that was it. He would certainly go mad with this awful thing called jealousy if that other dog came. There was another dog coming because there was a big, brand-new kennel being built—much better than Pim's. He had even heard his master say it would be painted. He could not stand that.

Pim was a much petted, old fox terrier. He had been an only dog since he had been born into the family. He would be disgusted with all mankind if another dog was coming for him to be pestered with, when

he was too old to make much fuss too! It was mean, absolutely mean! "My birthday's only the day after tomorrow," thought Pim bitterly. "It's a nice birthday a faithful, old dog's going to get!"

Thursday, Pim's birthday, dawned bright and clear. Pim resolved to visit a dog friend for the day. He just could not stand to be there when the new dog arrived. He knew he was to arrive because the kennel was finished and painted brown with a green roof. How he would enjoy it—but another dog, bah!

He did visit the other dog, but he did not have a very good time because his mind kept wandering to the new dog.

About five o'clock he traveled wearily home to get a look at the expected creature.

Horrors, his kennel was gone! He would not be moved out of the yard for another dog. It was more than he would stand. There was his master with a new collar with brass studs. He had no brass studs on his old collar. It was a disgrace, an outrage! There was his mistress with a big, fat, juicy, luscious bone. The dog must be in the kennel. He went toward the kennel. He would fight it in spite of his tired legs.

His mistress cried out, "Look, he knows his new home already. Won't he be proud in his new collar?"

Pim ran to her. He couldn't believe his ears. For him! It hadn't entered his head. His birthday, too. He licked their hands and told himself over and over what a foolish, old, selfish dog he had been.

Muriel Leyrer L-9-T.

A FISH STORY

Many times I had tried to catch him, but all in vain, for he lived in the middle of a deep, dark hole in a woodland stream. It was plain to be seen he was a whopper, for often he would jump a foot clear of the water. Dad and I had tried many times to lure him within reach of our lines. Finally Dad promised me ten dollars on the day I should bring him home. After this I was even more determined to get him, but I knew it would not be an easy task, for the branches of a tree prevented the casting of my line.

One day as I was crossing an old, fallen log that formed a natural bridge over the stream at the upper edge of the pool I thought of a plan which I immediately put

into execution. Procuring a fat grasshopper I baited my hook and returned to the log. I dropped the hook with a sinker on a shingle and started it down the stream. When the current had carried it directly over the center of the pool I gave the line a jerk which pulled the sinker off the shingle. It had scarcely disappeared when I felt a nibble. A hard fight followed but after half an hour I finally landed him. The monarch of the stream was caught at last.

Dick Rice H-9-M.

THE STAR

Out in the west, when the long hot day
Is o'er, and the sky grows dark,
A star gleams through the twilight gray,
Through the whispering trees in the park.

And all through the night with its one
bright eye
It keeps watch on the slumb'ring land.
It guards o'er all from its place in the sky
From great cities to lone island strand.

And when at last the night is done,
And the first early cock has crowed
To herald the approach of the rising sun,
And the white clouds turn to gold,

The little star smiles as it sinks to rest
On a fleecy golden cloud,
For the whole night through it has done its
best

And the bright little star is proud.

Betty Branstead L-9-Z.

THE TOLLING BELL

Every one on Prince Edward Island was rejoicing and preparing for a festival which was to be given in honor of the king's birthday. Everyone but old Andrew Hayes, the lighthouse keeper. Nobody liked Andrew because he was so grouchy and never had a kind word for anybody.

When the glorious day arrived the people turned out in flocks to the festival. Eleven-year-old Hugh Atherton found no interest in watching his sisters dance, so he and some of his friends walked to the sea shore. As they were kicking the pebbles around on the beach, old Andrew Hayes passed by. "Oh, boys, old Andrew looks more hideous than ever. Look at him hobble along." Andrew shook his cane at them and began talking in rage to them. The boys fled in terror at this.

Andrew Hayes continued his walk. He could hear the merry voices of people in the festival and for an instant he wished that he were there. Why wasn't he happy like other people? Why wasn't he enjoying life as they did. Perhaps Andrew's thoughts would have wandered on if he had not happened to see the water rushing towards him. Just as he was going to run to the lighthouse, the water rushed over him. He fought and struggled until he got up on higher land. Then he thought of the people. He must warn them. On and on he climbed and crawled until he reached the

lighthouse. There was a bell in the tower of the lighthouse and Andrew intended to ring it. But there were three flights of stairs to climb and old Andrew could hardly make it, but finally he reached the top.

Slowly he grasped the rope, which was tied to the bell, but he fell to the floor. He lay there for a second, listening to the distant voices of the merry-makers. Then he heard the water coming closer. He reached for the bell once more and this time he pulled it. At first the bell did not respond very loudly. Then it grew stronger and louder. The voices of the people were stilled and instantly a hush fell over them. The mournful, wailing peals of the bell sounded loudly. After Andrew rang the bell four times he fell dead. Then the people heard the water coming, dashing over rocks and houses. "To the hills," they cried, for it was their only hope. They ran on and on. Not a minute too soon did they reach there, for the water flooded the town just as they reached the hills.

Dawn saw a thankful multitude of people watching the scene below. Hugh Atherton said to his mother with tears in his eyes, "And to think mother, I laughed at him." His mother said nothing, but folded her hands with the others who were praying for Andrew Hayes, the lighthouse keeper, who had given his life for them.

Susan McFarling H-8.

A BOY'S DICTIONARY

I am going to make a dictionary
For big and little boys,
With big and little words in it,
Like hoops and other toys.

Balls and bells and beetles
Fish hooks and poles and reels,
Indians and buffaloes,
White bears and polar seals.

Elephants and tigers,
Kangaroos and mice,
Marmalade and berries
And everything that's nice.

I won't have shears and needles,
(They are for girls who sew)
'Cause this new dictionary
Is all for boys you know.

Robert Couzens H-7-L.

A SPRING DAY

One warm, drowsy, spring afternoon I was sitting in the meadow reading Keat's poem on the lovely old myth of Endymion. To the left a little stream was gurgling gently, and could be no other than the fount, Arethusa, while to my credulous fancy, yon mountain peak was surely Olympus. Not a cloud was in the sky, but an old oak kept off the fiery darts of Apollo.

Eagerly I followed the exquisite masterpiece, and when the book was done, I closed it with a sigh. Immediately a soft voice calling me broke the silence of the drowsy afternoon.

Raising my eyes in wonderment, I could

perceive no one, but in the opposite bank of the stream was an opening which I had never noticed before.

Thither I proceeded, while Olympus smiled benignly upon me. Arethusa narrowed her waters to let me pass, and Apollo hid his face behind a cloud. There, awaiting me in the first chamber of what proved to be a beautiful fairies' grot, was Endymion!

"Long have I waited for mortal to believe in me," he said, "and now art thou to be rewarded."

Thus saying, he led me through the corridors and chambers of this mighty cavern. To attempt to describe it would only be to desecrate a beauty immortalized by Keats.

Passing through the temple of Diana, we finally emerged into the chamber where Adonis was sleeping.

Venus was the first to espy me, and she would have protested my presence, but at that moment my eye was drawn to a beauty more powerful than hers.

There stood Diana, arrayed in all the splendor of the moon-goddess. On a sudden impulse I threw myself at her feet, and she spoke in tones sweet and clear as a bell.

The next I knew, a cool evening breeze was fanning my troubled brow. The stream flowed as ever, and high above was a bright, clear moon. Once more I heard that lovely voice, and my Diana was bending over me, and the voice of the one I loved was in my ear.

Mary Frances Thelen H-9.

THE MONTEREY COAST

Where the wind sweeps over the restless wave

And plays with the sand on the dune;
Where waters surge on shore and in cave
And the beach is with drift wood strewn;
Where the pines creep down to the seashore,
There I lie and dream alone.

My thoughts like the seagulls seem to soar
And dwell on the great unknown—
Then I wonder where in the wide, wide land,
Another such shore could be—
With a border of beautiful snow white sand
Graced by the gnarled old cypress tree.

Barbara Mervy H-9-K.

THE REWARDED MISTAKE

Dick and Harry were fond of playing detective, and the town's policeman encouraged them in their desire to be detectives.

Their parents had left them home to greet their uncle whom they had never seen. He was to arrive at three o'clock so that the boys had two hours to play.

"Let's go talk to the cop," Dick said.

"Hope he's got some work for us," replied Harry as they started in the direction of the policeman's favorite standing place.

Mr. Gray, the town's one policeman, was fond of the two Phillips boys, and today he had some good news for them.

"Hello, boys!" he called. "I've got a job for you."

"Tell us, quick, please, Mr. Gray," they begged standing on one foot and then on the other.

Mr. Gray gave the boys a slip of paper which read:

"Is headed for your town. He is tall, dark, and speaks English like an Englishman, not an American. He is slightly deaf. This is all the information we've got at present. Reward for his capture." Signed, Detective Johnston.

"Do we get the reward if we capture him?" asked Dick.

"Surely, if you get him," said Mr. Gray. Winking at a bystander, he added, "Just lock him up and wait for some one to come."

"All right, we're going to hunt for him. Goodbye Mr. Gray."

The boys had been hunting around quite a while, when a car stopped at the curb and a man looked out.

"Son, do you know where there is a garage for rent in this neighborhood?"

"No, but there are some down town," answered Dick.

"I beg your pardon. What did you say?" spoke the man again.

"The nearest one is down town," spoke Harry.

"I am a little hard of hearing; please say that again."

Dick whispered to Harry, "Can this be the thief? You think of some plan and answer him."

"Our garage," whispered Dick.

"Sir, there is a garage about two blocks over."

"Hop in boys; now show me the way."

The boys jumped in the car and finally reached their home.

"Drive your car right in sir," replied Harry.

After they had shut and locked the door on him, they remembered that the policeman said not to leave the man.

After it seemed as if they had waited hours they saw their father and mother coming up the walk.

"We got him in the garage."

"In the garage. Are you crazy?" said their father. "Let me see him."

So the boys opened the doors of the garage and were astonished to hear the thief say, "Hello George and Madge. The boys have been having a great time but I don't see what it's all about."

"Goodbye, reward," said Harry.

"I guess we put our foot in it this time," said Dick.

After everything was cleared up to everybody's satisfaction the uncle, being a good man and loving a good joke, gave the boys a reward.

Agnes Connolly L-7-P.

THE SHIP

A ship approached the rocky shore,
And all her sails were set,
Her spread was seven knots or more,
And spray her shrouds had wet.

No lookout stood upon her deck,
No hand was at her wheel,
But wing and wing she sailed straight on,
Upon an even keel.

The lighthouse keeper in the bluff,
Perceived her awful plight,
And up the lighthouse steps he puffed,
To light up his great light.

Alas when he had reached the lamp,
And had released its catches,
He realized all hope had fled,
He'd clean forgot his matches.

Addison Laffin H-8-H.

THE SPARTAN

Bang! the bottle of medicine fell, spreading its contents all over the floor. The sick man raised his head, glanced at the floor and lay back with a stifled moan.

"Eleanor! Eleanor!" he called. A fifteen-year-old girl appeared in the doorway.

"Yes, Father?" she said. "Oh! your medicine. Is it time?" Then she saw the wreck of what had been the medicine bottle.

"Oh father! What shall I do? There isn't anyone to send for more."

"Well honey, I guess you will have to go. There are five gallons of gas in the barn. Now hurry, honey." Eleanor had had only two lessons in driving the Ford, but she set her teeth and vowed she would "do it or bust." The wind was rising and there was a hint of rain in the air, but on went the little Ford with Eleanor in it. The wind was blowing hard now, and the rain had started, but on went the Ford with Eleanor at its wheel. Eleanor shivered and drew her coat closer around her. She was wondering how the bottle had fallen. Her heart skipped a beat—she had forgotten to put the gas in the tank. Even as she remembered this, the car slowed down and then stopped. Out of gas! Well, she would have to walk the remaining distance. She got out and started down the muddy road. It was getting colder and colder and the rain poured in an unmerciful torrent. She came to where the bridge should be, but it was gone! There was one timber going from one bank to the other. She looked at the swirling flood below and the sight sickened her. Her father expected it of her. She must do it! Even now she could hear his voice:

"Be a Spartan, Eleanor. Remember the story?" She would do it! A Spartan always did what was expected of him. She put a cautious foot on the board. It creaked, but did not fall. Summoning all her courage, she walked across just in time to see the board fall into the river. On and on she plodded. It was almost dark now and she could hardly see where she was going. Suddenly she stepped in a hole and, with a feeble cry, fell. How long she lay there she didn't know, but when she woke up she found herself in a big soft bed. A dim light was burning in the room. She sat up and for the first time noticed a woman sitting beside the bed.

"Where am I? What has happened?" she asked.

"We found you in the middle of the road. No, don't try to get up, your ankle is sprained."

"But who are you? How long have I been here?"

"I am the wife of Dr. Long. You have only been here an hour. Why are you so agitated? And how did you happen to be on the road at this hour?"

Eleanor told her story to the kindly woman and when she had finished Mrs. Long said, "I'll send father right away. You go to sleep, my dear. You say your name is Eleanor? Well, I am going to call you 'Spartan.' You deserve the name."

Betty Branstead L-9-Z.

THE LOST TYPEWRITER

The Garfield pupils were filled with dismay. A school typewriter had gone astray.

Where it had gone they could find no trace, Tho' they searched for it in every place. Then mysterious and silent as its flight had been

The little typewriter appeared again.

Now, where it had been or what it had heard

The little typewriter has typed not a word.
Louise Deto H7-L.

A SPRING DAY

The thoughts of a young boy during the usual routine of a day in spring:

At 9:00 a. m.

"Hang that sun; it always makes a point of waking you up about six o'clock in the morning. Ho hum, Saturday; nothing to worry about, nothing to do but play. Gee, mother's calling me. I'll pretend I don't hear, so I won't have to work." "Ow, mother, I'll get up! Let go my ear, mother, I'll get up; I'll work!"

At 10:00 a. m.

"Phew, spring cleaning! I guess those rugs are done. Now all I have to do is wax the hall floors, clean the cellar and garage, and then I'll be through."

At 11:00 a. m.

"Gosh, I hate spring cleaning. I'm through now though; guess I'll go over to Arthur's. Arthur had to go to the dentist—there's Billy. 'Hello, Bill, what ya doin'? Workin'? Aw heck, well, so long.' Guess I'll go over to Henry's. 'Henry's sick.' Guess I'll go down to Lester's."

At 12:00.

"Gee, I've been all over town, nobody can play with me. I'll go home and eat, and then I'll go to the game in the afternoon, and—what's that? 'A drop of water.' It's raining and I stay inside all afternoon! Rain! April showers! Spring weather! Bah!"

Edward Rose H-9-K.

THE MONTH'S APRIL FOOL

"Oh, my," groaned June, as she sat down to study, "today's April Fool's, and no joke planned!"

June was a boarding pupil at Miss Hep-sibah Pratt's Seminary, and more important

than that, in her estimation, she belonged to a small club called "The Months." An odd name for a club? Not so very. It was composed of four fun-loving girls, who were registered as, June Dayton, April Norton, Augusta Maxwell and May Fremont.

"Say, June, here's part of the new Journal," cried April, running into the room and flinging a page of the school paper into her lap.

"Never mind it, just now," responded June, tossing it aside. "Listen, Rill, I met the nicest girl today. Guess she's new. Never saw her before. I invited her to tonight's spread."

"What's her name?" April queried.

"Betty Trenton."

"Betty Trenton! Tonight's spread! Our spread! Oh, you dumb! Miss Trenton, my dear, is the new teacher!"

Spreads were "agin" the rule. What June said and what she thought were two different things.

"Ow! what shall we do?" June giggled. She had begun to see the funny side of it. "Oh, Rill, you're fooling!"

"Indeed? Just glance at the Journal!"

Yes, there it was! "We are pleased to announce the arrival of Miss Betty Trenton, the new geography teacher."

"A new kind of paper they're printing it on," remarked June, absently.

"I know what to do," offered Rill, her gray eyes twinkling. "Let's turn it into a 'very select tea,' as Miss Perkins would say, and invite Heppy and Miss Trenton." "Heppy" was the not overly dignified nickname of Miss Pratt. June dolefully acquiesced.

The Months were notified, however, and invitations were sent to the two ladies.

Evening came and with it, the "spread," masqueraded as a "tea," with weak "Oolong" and thin wafers instead of bulging sandwiches and frothy chocolate.

June sensed that "something was up" which included the other Months and excluded her, and sly winks and nudges were exchanged as "Heppy" lectured on various dull topics. Miss Pratt always retired early and started for her rooms at the far end of the building when the clock struck eight. When all was safe the girls cried the familiar and often truthful "April Fool!" June demanded an explanation, whereupon the girls introduced Miss Betty Julia Trenton as a new classmate and member.

"B—but the Journal!" quavered June, busily disposing of ice cream and dill pickles, none the worse for being in hiding under the bed.

"Fake!" laughed May, helping herself to a fourth glass of cider.

Katherine Rogers L-9-Z.

NIGHTMARE

Poems are things that I hate to learn
And with every chance I hastily spurn
The cause of my fall from the first of the
class

To the seat far behind the third from the
last.

If ever there was to me such a dream
That caused me to sweat and cry and
scream,

It's the thought of tomorrow before the
class,

After stumbling and mumbling with the
sense of an ass.

The teacher who's merciless upon such a
time,

Is sure to blame me and not the rhyme.

The toil goes on, oh! endless pain,

Upon my life you leave a stain.

Of mummery, and losing fights,

With poems that shed not a light

Of purpose won or purpose lost,

And I alone must stand the cost.

Alan Finlay H-9.

TWO YOUNG HEROES

"Let's go!" These excited words came from the lips of John Dale. He lived in Wyoming in rather an out of the way place, where his father ran a big ranch.

These words were addressed to Fred Fisher, his chum, who had just been telling him about an Indian camp he had seen. Peaceful Indians were not uncommon there, but Fred was positive that he had seen traces of wild Indians. This was far more exciting than the things the boys had done yet. My, but they wanted to go.

The trouble was, how could they get permission? They would either have to make the story sound better or go without permission. They decided on the latter way.

The next morning they started out at sunrise. Their parents were used to finding the boys gone and so did not worry about them.

When they reached the camp, what a sight met their eyes! It was full of half naked warriors and squaws in full war paint. It was strange that nothing occurred to the boys, for it was rather late (being 1922), for Indians to act that way; but they went on innocently making their plans.

"We'd better go home and tell," whispered Fred fearfully.

"Oh, no, we'll go ahead and capture them ourselves," came John's whispered reply.

Both boys were very much afraid, though they did not say so and as they crept nearer and nearer the Indian camp their hearts beat wildly. Behind some high rocks they sat down and had a conference! How could they capture the whole tribe alone? This hard problem was finally solved.

On their hands and knees they crept into camp and were hiding themselves in a wigwam when a painted savage dashed in.

"Well, I am surprised. More Indian fighters I see," the savage said, laughing.

An angry little man came puffing out from behind some bushes and said, "Can't little boys like you keep away from places where you shouldn't be? I've been interrupted three times this morning already in taking this picture. This ground belongs to a moving picture company. You little boys go home."

The boys walked away with downcast eyes and I can assure you that was the last time they tried to capture a tribe of Indians without finding out first if they were real.

Ruth Kleeberger L-7-W.

INSPIRATION

I know a vine-clad shingled house
Near by a winding road;
Where sun and shadows love to roam
In this quaint old abode.

A restless streamlet filters by
Beneath a rustic bridge;
"Give me a cot like this," I sigh
Where moons come o'er the ridge.

This sheltered nook is picturesque
With flowers and trees so tall;
One longs to stop and take a rest
And say "Good Night," to all.
(House on Glenn Ave.)

Majel Fahrney L-9-T.

SANDS OF FATE!

Groaning with pain, a young boy, scarcely fifteen, lay deserted on the hot sands of the desert. Left to die, and die alone, on the burning sands and under the burning sun. Miles from the nearest town, with a single canteen and a piece of dry bread. That was James, or Jim Smith.

Weakly Jim rose as his head throbbed with pain. His lips were parched and swollen. How did he get there? He could not remember coming out here! Slowly, very slowly, his thoughts came back to him. Yes, he had been kidnapped by some long, brawny arm. Who was its owner? Why was he here? These thoughts he pondered over and over in his mind.

Bang!! went the report of a gun. At this Jim dropped low. It was aimed at him—but missed its mark! What? Some one on this desert besides him? Yes! After an hour had wearily passed, of watching and waiting under that scorching sun, Jim slowly arose to his feet. No one in sight, no foot prints, nothing to be seen in the air.

"Suffering cattle-fish, if this isn't the newest invention yet. Invisible guns on wings I guess," said Jim. His own voice

seemed comforting for a minute, then all was gone.

Jim decided to wait until night when the heat was less intense. While waiting he dropped off to sleep. Upon waking up, Jim found it very difficult to move. His face was wet and it deeply pained him. Drip, drip, drip on the sand—blood. He put his hand to his face; his face had been cut! Someone wanted to get rid of him but he wasn't willing to give up. Who was this? Why did they torture him so? Oh, he remembered one night he hadn't said his prayers as he had been told. No, he was not superstitious!

The canteen was gone. Nothing had been left for the poor boy. Slowly he traveled on into the night, not knowing where he was going or when he would reach any kind of civilization.

Presently there came the most dreadful stand-storm ever remembered. Jim had read about people being buried alive in the sand like this. He struggled with all his might, only to be pulled down to the ground again. The sand blinded his eyes. He would say his prayers all the time only to get out of this. Bump! Down Jim went into what seemed to him a pit! Oh, buried in a deep hole like this never to be found!

Someone was sitting on him he was certain. A blanket had been thrown over him, which almost prevented him from breathing, besides making it impossible for him to see the object upon him. Pictures came back to him, huge, swarthy, bearded cutlasses, crooked teeth and such! He stretched out his hand and felt—. It was a furry animal! A bear? A lion? A tiger—? It was Towser! Jim had fallen out of bed!

Lois Howard L-9-Z.

WHAT THEY CAUGHT

Four mischievous, lazy boys
On a summer day,
Just to go a-fishing
Shyly ran away.

Bait, worms, and tackle
To their work they brought,
But, if you'll listen to me,
This is what they caught.

Tommy caught a wetting
He was overbold;
Jimmie caught a scolding,
Johnnie caught a cold.

Henry caught a whipping
Much against his wish,
But, with all their trouble;
No one caught a fish.

Zena Harris H-8-W.

A RIDE ON THE NIGHTMARE

Listen, my children and you shall hear
A story of bravery and some of fear.
'Twas on the eighteenth of March in '24,
Ne'er such a night was seen before.
A small boy of Garfield went to bed
With visions of burglars in his head.

He did not go to sleep right away
But thought that he awake would stay,
When all of a sudden he heard a noise,
But thought it must be just some boys.
He was mistaken, for on the roof of the
porch
He saw the flicker of a small torch.

Soon at the window he heard a pry
But dared not open half an eye.
The window opened with a creak
And on the floor he heard a squeak.
He dared not open his mouth to ask:
"Who are you and what is your task?"

He finally mustered up courage enough
And yelled out with a terrible bluff,
"Who-o-o-ooo are-re y-y-y-you?"
The door opened and his mother's voice said,
"Son, why did you eat that cake before go-
ing to bed?"

Hollis Walker L-9-F.

TRAPPED

Our village was nestled in a small valley
surrounded by rugged wooded mountains;
the timber was tall and stately to our very
doors.

Day after day the weather was warm

and balmy and very unseasonal as no rain
had fallen for many, many months. A
drought was upon us and all our people
were in great fear of crop failure, and in a
state of mind bordering on hysteria, par-
ticularly our women folks.

The wind had been blowing all morning
and as the day progressed it blew into a
gale. We were all suddenly startled by the
cry of a horseman, "Fire! fire! the forests
are on fire! Run for your lives!"

He rode away again, warning villages and
ranches of the terrible danger.

By this time the smoke was suffocating
and the distant roar of the terrible forest
fire put anguish into our souls. The village
minister gathered us all into our park and
offered prayer.

Men came running excitedly down the
road and informed us that all the roads
leading out of our village were aflame, and
it was impossible for any human being to
pass.


To the south where the conflagration had
not as yet reached could be seen an aero-
plane which to us seemed like a message
from heaven.

But how would it help us in our plight?
It glided down, and the pilot told us that he
realized our danger and flew over to see if
in any way we could escape. The flames
were now close upon us. The houses were
afire.

Our prayer had been answered! He told
us of a narrow passage still open and safe
which only one in a plane could see. At
this information we all rushed through the
dense smoke and escaped just at the fatal
moment when the great billows of rolling
flames destroyed our beautiful village.

Rosa Bloom L-9-Z.





DRAMA



CAST OF LIBRARY DAY PLAY

“BOOKLAND”

“Bookland” was the first and christening play of our auditorium. The floor offered very good seats, and the play was enjoyed very much, although without the conventional seating arrangements.

The characters were all from “bookland” and entertained us royally for an hour or more.

Jean Patty was the star of the play, taking the part of Ruth, the little girl, who was quarantined on account of scarlet fever. In spite of this she managed to enjoy herself with the help of her “Bookland” friends. Frankie Johnson as little Katrinka, the Russian, did a quaint and picturesque dance of that country.

There were many participants and all of them helped to make the play a grand success. All that I can say is that I know we all sincerely hope that the plays of coming years will be as successful as this has been.

Emily McKelligon H-9-K.

“THE MISTLETOE BOUGH”

Oh the Mistletoe Bough, the Mistletoe Bough,
What can the mystery be?
On the bulletin board every morning,
’Tis all that you can see.

I’m sure the teachers know,
For when we ask them they smile.
And it adds much to our curiosity,
When they say, “Just wait awhile.”

Clara King H-8-H.

“THE MISTLETOE BOUGH”

The most successful entertainment yet given by the Garfield pupils, was the pantomime of “The Mistletoe Bough.” It was presented in the new auditorium April 4th and 5th. This was the first entertainment to be given in the auditorium, and as many things were left unpaid, the proceeds,

amounting to about six hundred dollars, went to help pay the balance on the auditorium equipment and the curtains.

There were three performances, the afternoon and evening of April 4th and Saturday afternoon, the following day. In the evening performance three branches of mistletoe were sold at auction from which we got almost eighteen dollars, through the generosity of school patrons.

The costumes alone were valued at \$3000. The play was given in five acts under the general direction of Mr. Hennessey. Act I was under the supervision of Mrs. Iva Smith; Acts II and V, Miss Esther Peterson; Act III, Mrs. Minna Gray; Act IV, Miss Harriet Stout. Mr. Rushforth was the electrician assisted by Charles Hurley; stage manager, Mr. Zimmerman assisted by several students; make-up artist, Miss Abbay. Mr. Flanders and Mr. Leland painted and erected the stage.

The players, who took the leading parts in the play were Barbara Mervy, Lady Ginerva; Grenade Wilson, Lord Lovell; Jack Davis, Baron; Beth Strickland, Baroness; and Ellen Meagher, the May Queen. The wedding guests also played an important part in the play.

The music was very good. Mr. Schott, the orchestra leader played the violin. A saw solo was given by Frances Branch. Henry Whaley and Mr. Kennedy were soloists.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

The High ninth class each year gives a Shakespearean play at the end of the term. This year's graduating class chose to give "A Midsummer Night's Dream" for their play. Many tried out for the various important parts, and there were, in most cases, two chosen for each part, one cast to present it in the afternoon and another in the evening.

We feel it our duty this year to make the play better than ever before, for it will not only be the first to be given in our new auditorium but the first Shakespearean play to be given after a period of a year; because the December class, for lack of proper facilities, were not able to present theirs.

The sewing classes are busy making the costumes. Our play is to be given June 3, and we hope that you will enjoy seeing it as much as we are enjoying its preparation.

The cast of characters is as follows:

Theseus Jack Davis
Egeus Hazlett Perry
Lysander..Maurice May, Edwin Van de Mark
Demetrius.....Harold Kay, Sidney Dennison
Philostrate.....Robert Hunter
Quince.....Robert Dewell, Clement Allen
Snug.....Richard Gettell, Harold Kehoe

Bottom.....Daniel Herb, Edward Rose
Flute.....Lester Berry, Edgar Pinkerton
Snout.....Jasper Henry, Moore Devin
Starveling.....Lars Gravem, Donald Dart
Hippolyta.....Beth Strickland
Hermia....Olive Shepardson, Marybeth Green
Helena.....Jean Pedersen, Frances Rogers
Oberon....David Gilmore, Theodore Heinrich
Titania.....Mary F. Thelen, Dorothy Dutton
Puck.....Mary Smith, Ruth Waldo
Fairy....Brenda Hargrave, Loucrecia Scholin

THE P. T. A. VAUDEVILLE

On Friday evening, April 25th, a long anticipated vaudeville was given by the members of the P. T. A. in the new Garfield auditorium.

The first number on the program was a monologue on the "Modern Mother," which was very interestingly given. The second number was a group of vocal solos very well rendered. After this two men in negro costume sang. The fourth thing on the program was called "The Candy Kid," and several men came into the audience selling home made candy. One of the most enjoyable events of the evening was several dances given by ex-Garfield pupils. A lady in costume read a number of Dunbar's poems. Last but not least was a playette called a "Regular Man." A most enjoyable evening then came to an end.

Mary Elizabeth Moore L-7-W.

THE THRIFT PLAY

At the end of the first report period those pupils on the honor roll were entertained by a play. It was the thrift play which was written by Ruth Waldo, one of Mrs. Kleeberger's girls, and which won the grand prize in the thrift play contest. The characters in the play were:

Ruth Waldo.....Mrs. Improvidence
Marybeth Green.....Speculation
Harold Kehoe.....Poverty
Clement Allen.....Misery (Poverty's dog)
Mary Frances Thelen.....Self-indulgence
Marion ChaseExtravagance
Emily McKelligon.....Mrs. Thrift
Bessie Scarfe.....Economy
David Gilmore.....Insurance
Dorothy Worley.....Savings Account
Margaret Wilson.....Good Investments
Elizabeth Bradford.....Happiness
Florence Lister.....Life

The play has been given several times, once at the High School auditorium when all those plays which won prizes were given. Another time it was given for the P. T. A. where it seemed to be very much enjoyed.

The last performance was given for the Masonic Club at Northbrae Community Church.

SCHOOL NOTES

SCHOOL CALENDAR 1924

- Jan. 7—School began. Another term under Garfield's bright banner!
- Jan. 23—First Young People's Concert!—A treat is no word for it. You agree, n'est ce-pas?
- Jan. 24—Boys see "Big Brother."—Bunk! I'm not a boy.
- Jan. 24—Girls meeting in "gym."—"Big doings."
- Jan. 28—National Child Labor Day.—Labor is right!
- Jan 30-31—Feb. 1—The Art Exhibit.—Dandy! (if you had the dime).
- Feb. 11—Lincoln Day Program.—Excellent!
- Feb. 12—Lincoln's Birthday—Holiday!—Hip! Hip! Hooray! What say?
- Feb. 21—Library Day.—We stepped out of books and were just it for looks!
- Feb. 22—Washington's Birthday.—Holiday.—The next day we found out why.
- Feb. 23—Report Cards.—So do you, now!
- Feb. 26—Hot dog sale.—Holiday for the cats.
- Feb. 28—"Thrift Play" was seen by Honor Roll People.—Great fun! (if you were on the Honor Roll.)
- Mar. 24 (Week of)—Gleaner "pome" contest.—They were in on time but didn't rhyme.
- April 1 (Week of)—Short Story Contest.—"Once upon a time."
- April 2—Second Young People's Concert.—Tra, la, la, la!
- April 3—First assembly in the auditorium.—At last!
- April 4-5—"The Mistletoe Bough."—Great Success!
- April 9—Report Cards.—"Enough,—no more,—'tis not as sweet as 'twas before!"
(If it ever was sweet.)
- April 11-18—Easter Vacation.—We were terribly bad, but what a time we had!
- April 24—B. T. A. Entertainment.—Very enjoyable!
- April 25—P. T. A. Vaudeville.—Were you there? Fine!
- April 28-May 3—Boys' Week!—Banana Oil!
Mon.—Boys speak in their rooms.
Tues.—Program by boys, in auditorium.
Wed.—Scouts' program.
Thurs.—"Stay at Home" Day.
Fri.—Track Meet and Parade!
Sat.—Boys held offices of Berkeley.
- April 28—"Father and Son" Night.—"Let's give 'em six!"
- May 2—Track Meet and Parade.—It deserves a second mentioning!
- May 7—The New Banner and Mr. Christy's talk!—Ah! that was worth while.
- May 8—U. C. Glee Club!—Best in the world.
- May 9—Third Young People's Concert.—Stanford Glee Club.—Hooray!
- May 9—The New Rule.—No playing at 8:30.—Someone is weeping while others are sleeping!
- May 13—Sixth Grade entertained.—I'm sure they're all for Garfield!
- June 3—Shakespearean Play.—Finest ever given!
- June 5—Graduation.—Goodbye, Garfield!
Today!—Gleaner is out—THE day of the the year.—Boom, bang!

Priscilla Ruggles H-9.
Bessie Scarfe H-9.

OUR ALUMNI

It is always of interest to the Garfield teachers and pupils to note the success of her alumni in the various activities in High School and in the University.

The Board of Control of the Berkeley High School is made up of three Boy Commissioners and two Girl Commissioners. Garfield is represented by Jack Chance and Don Koch. Esther Cox is president of the Girl's Association, Marion Mortimer, vice-president and Ann Kidder, secretary. They have filled their offices with great efficiency.

Kathleen Graham holds the office of secretary of the Senior Class of 1924.

In the recent production of "Twelfth Night," Frances Warnecke was "Maria," Wentworth Green was "Feste", Mario Margutti was "Sir Andrew," Rhea Radin, Kathryn Condo and Elbert Smith also played.

The Senior Class of 1924 presented "Disraeli" on May 16. Philip Rood took the part of the Duke of Gastonbry, Barbara Smith played the charming heroine, Clarissa, Lady Pevensey. Lloyd Moon was Mr. Tearl.

The office of Yell Leader is held by Dermid Kysh. His assistants are Linwood McLaughlin and John McMurray.

The former Garfield boys are showing their supremacy in athletics.

Barton Brown captained this year's swimming team. Willard Retelle, one of the fastest men on the squad has been chosen to lead next year's team.

Many of the men on the state championship basketball team played on Garfield teams. Roger Sears, star forward and high-point man was in many of the league games. Eldred Cooney was standing guard and captain of the 1925 team, and Bob Matta and Jack Murphy helped in the championship.

At the time the Gleaner goes to press the Berkeley High Baseball team has won the Alameda County Athletic League title and is preparing to win the state championship. Edmond (Frenchy) Combatalade is the captain. Many others on the team come from Garfield.

Not only in Berkeley High, but in the University, Garfield pupils are making good. Kenneth Priestley is one of the Sophomore Editors of the Daily Californian. Bob Kinkead is the Freshman Yell Leader at U. C.

There is a great deal in the papers now about Helen Wills, champion woman tennis player of the United States. She also is one of Garfield's distinguished alumni.

These are only a few of the many former students of Garfield who are making good after graduation from this school.

Gladys Peck.

THE ELSON ART EXHIBIT

Quite recently Garfield has acquired thirty-one new, beautiful pictures in a way that was most profitable, educational and entertaining.

On Jan. 31 and Feb. 1, the Elson Art Exhibit was held in the study hall. There

were over two hundred pictures—copies of famous paintings, photographs of sculpture, portraits, and photographs of places.

Ten cents admission was charged to pupils and the adults alike, and the seasonal tickets were twenty cents. The proceeds from this exhibit went to buy pictures from it. Besides this money six dollars were contributed by Mrs. Dragon for the Song of the Lark, and the P. T. A. gave six dollars and forty cents for "A Reading from Homer."

The other pictures ordered are as follows: The Angelus, William Shakespeare, Coming of the White Man, Horses of Achilles, The Horse Fair, The Shepherdess, Alice Freeman Palmer Memorial, Pilgrims Going to Church, Bargello Palace Stairs, St. John Latern Cloister, Stratford on Avon, Age of Innocence, Spirit of '76, Mt. Vernon, Golden Stairs, Parthenon, Opportunity and Regret, Portrait of the Artist's Mother, U. S. Frigate Constitution, Boyhood of Lincoln, Melon-Eaters, Delphic Sibyl, Sistine Madonna, Flower Girl in Holland, Appeal to the Great Spirit, Supper Time, Angel with the Lute, Baby Stuart, Rheims Cathedral, and Court of Lions. The total expenditure for pictures was one hundred fifty-nine dollars and twenty cents.

The committee who had charge of the exhibit were Miss Macgregor, chairman; Mr. Zimmerman, financial manager; Mr. Leland, picture hanger; Mrs. Russ, Miss Fraser and Miss Kelton. Mr. Flanders will have most of the pictures framed in the manual training shops. Thanks should also be extended to the mothers of the P. T. A. who generously gave their time to superintending the exhibit.

Mary Frances Thelen H-9-K.

LIBRARY DAY

On February 21, the Garfield School celebrated its third annual Library Day. Everyone, including teachers, dressed to represent a book or a character from a book.

The costumes were very attractive and some very amusing. Characters of all nationalities were represented.

Perhaps the most interesting incident on library day was the grand parade. While everybody marched around the grounds, the judges decided to whom the prizes should be awarded. There were three individual prizes and three group prizes.

Prizes were awarded by judges to the following pupils: First prize was given to "Robin Hood," Grenade Wilson. The second prize was given to Dorothy Stiegeler who represented "Pat O'Day." Marian Smith and Betty Branstead took third prize as "Romeo and Juliet." Special mention was given to Helen Ebey as "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Group prizes were as follows: First prize, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, represented by Mrs. Smith's High Seventh grade. Honorable mention: "Two Years Before the Mast" by Jean Patty and Elizabeth Hoggard, and the "Mikado" by the girls in Mrs. Brennan's class.

During the noon hour a very interesting play entitled "Friends in Bookland" was given in our new auditorium. It was directed by Miss Patton, our librarian.

The successful and enjoyable day was closed in the evening by a "Library Ball" in the gymnasium.

The purpose of Library Day is to call to the attention of the boys and girls of our school the pleasure which is to be attained in the reading of good books. This purpose is evidently being accomplished, as our fine library under the able management of Miss Patton, is being extensively used, and is very popular with our pupils.

ON GAY LIBRARY DAY

There were girls in stately costumes
Of a fashion very old,
Wicked pirates in rakish clothing
And some warriors strong and bold.
Merry maids in brilliant colors,
Dressed in European way,
Decked the halls with pleasant glamour
On gay Library Day.

All were gowned in odd attire,
So to represent a book.
The result was very different
In the way the children looked
Some were cute and some ferocious,
Others stately in some way,
Dressed up in their quaint attire
On gay Library Day.

Not just children—even teachers
Joined in the contest too.
Everybody made a picture
And the Principal—'tis true.
And 't will always be remembered
What a beautiful display
The Garfield Junior High School made
On gay Library Day.

Mary Powers L-8.

THE GIRL SCOUTS OF POPPY TROOP

During this year the Girl Scouts have made great headway with their work.

May seventh the girls met in the auditorium during the P. T. A. meeting and received some of their badges. Every girl in the troop received one or more badges. Some of the badges were as follows: Tenderfoot pin, second class badge, first class badge and many merit badges. The Girl Scouts enjoy their work as much as the pleasure derived from it.

The girls are looking forward to much fun this summer, to hiking, camping, swimming and to various other sports. They are also waiting patiently for the Girl Scout Camp, at Big Basin in the Santa Cruz mountains, to open.

All girls interested in the Girl Scout movement are cordially invited to join our troop that meets in the Garfield study hall every Tuesday after school.

Carol Simpson L-9.
Helen Sawyer L-9.

GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

The Girls' Association through the past year has been very active. It has been acting mainly through the Girls' Council, which was made up of a representative from each advisory, the officers of the association, and a faculty committee of four teachers: Miss Arendt, Mrs. Kleeberger, Miss Fraser, and Miss Macgregor. Various matters of interest and importance to the girls have been discussed in these council meetings. In order to put our regulation dress plan into action, at the beginning of the school year, we established a Girls' Organization day. This day was Monday, and every girl was to appear in a middie and a skirt. It was observed very well considering the fact that it was our first experiment. We, at times, had had days when practically every girl wore a middie. Miss Macgregor in the drawing department helped us immensely by making for each advisory a poster supporting our motto "A Middie a Monday," which acted as a reminder in case we should forget, which we are not very apt to do. The main reason for the wonderful start of our association was due to the co-operation of the teachers and girls of Garfield, and we hope that the girls coming to our school will take up the work and show the same spirit as the other girls have done and will carry on the work of the organization to such an extent that when girls of "24" come back in "26" or "27" they will find the girls not only wearing middies on Mondays and Fridays but on all other days inclusive.

Beth Strickland H-9.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS

Usually we have had four different concerts, but this year we have had only three. The first one was given in Harmon Gymnasium, by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. It is always the favorite concert of most of the audience. Everybody enjoyed this one.

The second one was given at The First Presbyterian Church of Berkeley. We heard the pipe organ, a concert we had not had the pleasure of hearing before. It was very interesting to learn about the different pipes.

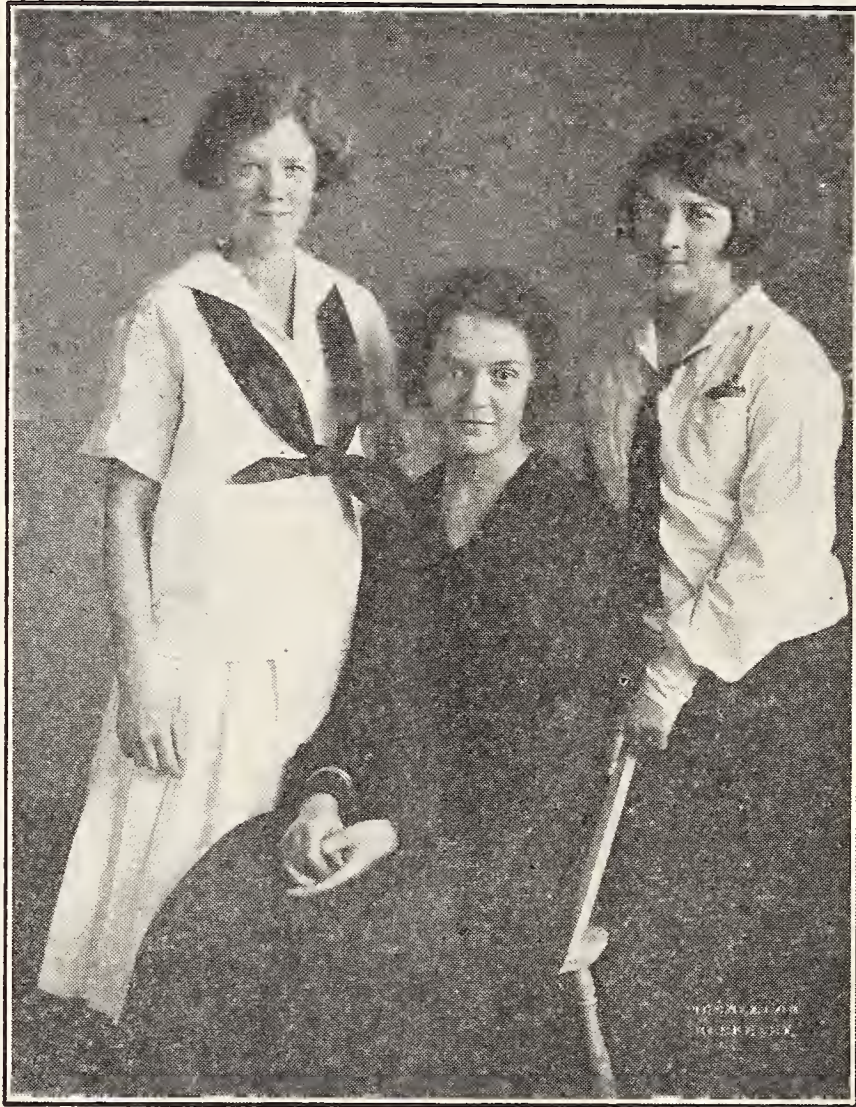
The third one was given at Harmon Gymnasium. It was the Stanford Glee Club. As we had heard the U. C. Glee Club the day before we could compare them. They were both excellent. The Stanford Glee Club had the best voices, but U. C. had the cleverest stunts.

Dorothy Gay L-9.

GARFIELD ORCHESTRA

Under the able leadership of Mr. Schott, the orchestra has been steadily improving this term. He has had quite a struggle to bring it up to the standard.

The first time we played was at the pro-



GIRLS' ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

Beth Strickland	President
Julia Petersen	Vice-President
Katherine Cathcart	Treasurer

gram for Lincoln's birthday. We were notified two days before that we were to play. The pieces we were not familiar with, therefore we did not do ourselves justice. Nobody had a good opinion of us.

We wanted to redeem ourselves but we didn't have the chance until lately at the P. T. A. Vaudeville. We think that we redeemed ourselves. We are to play for the Shakespearean play. The people in the orchestra have shown good school spirit by coming to practice, when we have not had any definite thing to work for. We hope to keep improving.

Dorothy Gay L-9.

A SUCCESSFUL RALLY.

What makes a successful rally? Enthusiasm, stirring music, rousing speeches, and a winning team. These elements were certainly all present at our rally on Wednesday following the Track Meet. Plenty

of enthusiasm, no denying that! Our band played music sufficient to stir the dead. Mr. Hennessey and Walter Christie supplied the speeches and the team was there in all its well earned glory. The 1924 team was one of the strongest that Garfield has ever had. It won the Track Meet by 98 points and made 295 points. What could give Garfield a bigger thrill than to cheer such a wonderful team?

The rally was one hour of rejoicing but this hour was made possible by weeks of hard training on the part of the athletes, training not only of the muscles but of the brain as well, for as Mr. Christie said at the rally "Victory in athletics is 90 per cent brain and 10 per cent muscle."

Mr. Wheeler has so much confidence that Garfield's team will win the Pentathlon next fall that he has given the letters for the space on the new banner. We won't waste those letters, Mr. Wheeler! We'll win!

Malcolm Reed L-9.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA'S GLEE CLUB CONCERT

On Thursday morning, May 8, we had the pleasure of hearing the Glee Club of the University of California, at one of their last appearances, before leaving for a tour of the United States and Europe.

The program was excellent and many encores were called for. Mr. Morse, the director, was asked to sing, but he was not able to, as he had a bad cold. Many of the songs were very humorous. Some dancing numbers were rendered and some stunts were put on. The closing number was the California hymn.

The admission was ten cents and the auditorium was filled to capacity. There were many visitors also.

Theodore Heinrich H-9.

BOYS' WEEK—MONDAY

Boys' week was celebrated at our school with the usual Garfield spirit and enthusiasm. Almost every day a program was given. The boy who acted as chairman for Monday's program was Grenade Wilson.

Monday was "Boys in the School" day, and in the afternoon the school assembled to hear an interesting program given by boys for the girls only. A civics class in which twenty boys took part was very interesting. Paschal Longaker made a very humorous speech on "Advice to the Girls," and the program ended with a song by Henry Whaley.

Monday evening was Fathers' and Sons' night. The fathers witnessed the same program given in the afternoon with some new features. There was a typing exhibit, a singing exhibit and a shop work class. In the shop two boys worked in wood and about 10 in the radio shop. Others were working in tin and mechanical drawing.

Altogether the program was a great success for it showed what a group of typical American boys can do, and the fathers must have been very proud of their sons.

SCOUT DAY—TUESDAY

Tuesday, April 29, was Organization Day at Garfield during Boys' Week. Garfield held its celebration on this day because

Thursday, the day which other schools observed, was too close to the track meet. The day was really scout day. All day there was an exhibit in the library of work done by scouts.

At one o'clock a program was given by the scouts in the Auditorium. Harold Kay, the chairman of the day took charge, and many stunts were put on showing the efficiency of the scouts, such as pyramid building, signaling, tent pitching and first aid treatment. Interesting talks were given by George Cooney, on the Junior High "Y" and by David Gilmore, on the celebration of the next day. Roy E. Marsh, Scout Executive of Berkeley, spoke and presented the eagle scouts of Garfield, Norman Rush and Fred Stripp. There was school singing and everybody went away after having an enjoyable time.

Harold Kay H-9.

BOYS' WEEK—SATURDAY

On Saturday morning, May 3, several boys from Garfield had the honor, together with a boy each from Burbank, Edison, Williard and the High School, of representing the various important offices of the City of Berkeley. Also, a group of boys, representing each of the four junior highs and the senior high, visited the important factories, which are located in Berkeley.

The following boys, represented the city offices: Sidney Dennison, mayor; Donald Munro, justice; Norman Rush, auditor; Fred Stripp and David Gilmore, city managers; Peter Dechant and Edwin Larson, purchasing agents; James Langberg, city clerk; Paschal Longaker, city attorney; Theodore Heinrich, assessor; Herbert Herms, treasurer and collector; Eldridge Farnsworth, city planning engineer; Ted Reed, chief of police; George Cooney, fire chief; Jesse Sprigg, health officer; David Lyon, city engineer; Arthur Merrill, building inspector; John Kilkenny, charities agent; Dick Talbot, park superintendent, and Edward Hebert, playground superintendent.

The boys spent a very profitable and pleasant morning.

In an assembly, Friday morning, May 9, the boys spoke of their experiences, while holding office, so that the whole school might enjoy and profit by them.

Theodore Heinrich H-9.



CLASS NOTES

LOW NINTH GRADE

Class Teachers

L-9-A.....	Miss Arendt
L-9-B.....	Mrs. Brennan
L-9-F.....	Miss Fraser
L-9-T.....	Miss Talbott
L-9-Z.....	Mr. Zimmerman

L-9-A. Miss Arendt's advisory has been especially active in athletics. Over 50 per cent of the boys and girls took part in the track meet. Among the members represented Ted Reed broke the record of high jump unlimited class. Dick Talbot, first place in the basketball throw, 115 lb. class; Leslie Barhyte, first place in 95 lb. basketball throw; Peter Dechant, second place in 95 lb. high jump. Esmond Strickland and Hans Miller placed in unlimited relay team, and Ed Rivett placed 115 lb. relay team. Both boys and girls participated in the Garfield basketball games.

Our class was represented by three boys on Boys' Business Day, the last day of Boys' Week. Peter Dechant as city purchaser, Ted Reed as chief of police, and Dick Talbot as park superintendent. A number of other boys were substitutes for other offices.

The girls are represented in the "Girls' Association of Garfield" by Florence Lambert, who has served faithfully from the beginning of the term and we only hope that her successor will serve as well.

The class had a picnic and swimming party in March, which proved to be a great success, judging from the trend of the conversation among the members of the class on the following Monday morning.

Pearl Wood.

L-9-B. Our class is made up entirely of girls. We do not work individually; we work as a class. When a person brings up a subject the whole class takes it up and it is not dropped until we have entirely finished with it. To have a good class you need the co-operation of every girl in it. If you have co-operation you can all work together and accomplish more things.

Our class has many good times. One afternoon after teachers' meeting, we gave the teachers a tea. This was a success so we decided to have many others. We went to Idora on a skating party with Miss Kidwell as chaperone. We had a fine time and went many more times after that.

We are looking forward with pleasure to hikes, swims and parties in the near future.

Charlotte Gay.

L-9-F. Miss Fraser's L-9-Class has been very successful, owing to the fact that every one has done his or her part to make this term at Garfield one of the best.

The boys in this class deserve consider-

able credit in athletics in two ways:—first, they, through much hard work, have won the Garfield School basketball championship for inter-class games. Second, a number of our boys and a few girls were in the track meet of a few days ago with the other Junior High Schools.

We have another term at Garfield (we are very glad of that), and we hope and truly believe that we will make a better term of it than the last one. Our main reason for thinking so is that we will not have the trouble of making one group out of several. We intend, if it is possible, to leave Garfield at the end of the oncoming term, the best H-9-Class that has ever graduated from Garfield.

Volney Morrison L-9-F.

L-9-T. Our class is mostly composed of former Cornell pupils. We thought, at first, that we would be disgraced, but they proved their metal by being on the Honor Roll.

Our girls have the championship of the school in baseball, which shows that they are good athletes.

They took active part in the track. Several of them winning especially high honors.

In the dramatization of "Ivanhoe" the whole class showed dramatic ability.

We have a great poetess, Majel Fahrney, who won second prize in the Poem Contest.

We are represented in the Gleaner by Miss Talbott, who is one of the Faculty Advisors, also by Dorothy Gay, who is Assistant Editor.

Our class has a good showing of class spirit. On the whole we are a good example of what Garfield pupils should be.

Muriel Leyrer.

Linda Neal.

L-9-Z. This term we were honored by having Miss Mossman as a class advisor.

The class held a picnic in John Hinkle park on Friday, March 14. In the afternoon a game of indoor was played to get us warmed up to the dinner which came at six o'clock. After dinner we all went up to the club house and danced the rest of the evening.

On March 22, we received the sad news that Miss Mossman was leaving us Saturday the 29, to go back East on a leave of absence. The whole class felt very gloomy and sad at having to lose her. In her place we were given Mr. Zimmerman as an advisor.

During boys' week we were fortunate enough to have two of our boys appointed to the city offices of Berkeley, and also on Saturday of that week we had several of our boys chosen to go and visit the factories.

The track team which won such an overwhelming victory was partly represented by four of our boys and two of our girls.

Hartley Daneke.

HIGH EIGHTH GRADE

Class Teachers

H-8-A.....	Miss Abbay
H-8-B.....	Miss Bonney
H-8-H.....	Miss Hamsher
H-8-K.....	Mrs. Kilkenny
H-8-W.....	Miss White

H-8-A. Last year our class won the Honor Roll contest. This year we got over confident and have not done so well.

The boys in our room won their numerals with ease in speedball, under the expert captainship of Harold Malon. However we underestimated our class "D" opponent.

We have several streaks of greased chain-lightning in our room. They received their big "G's" for the track. Harry Malon, the only boy on the team (from our room) won the 50 yard dash.

Elizabeth Saylor made second place in the 50 yard dash. Vivian Best second in the baseball throw for distance. Elizabeth Hoggard made a good third lap in the relay.

Wallace Smith is one of the yell leaders. He got a "G" for waving his arms around all day. They should give him something strenuous to do.

John Luthin, Harold Andree, and George Sense are in the school band.

On Fathers' night some of the boys in our room were in a civics program in the auditorium.

Three of our boys held office on Saturday of Boys' Week. Fred Stripp was city manager; Bill Seches was charity agent, and David Lyons was city engineer.

John Givens is the class reporter, Harold Malon, the subscription manager and David Lyons is joke editor.

David Lyons.
Jack Givens.

H-8-B-K. The advisory sections known as high 8-K and high 8-B, which have occupied room fifteen together this term, have cooperated successfully in several respects.

The high eight team selected by both classes was victorious in passball. The girls' team also won many victories.

Alicia Cooper, one of our best athletes was chosen to be on the basketball team representing our school. Alicia has had a "G" and a numeral for some time and recently received a star. Those who took part in the track team were: Jack Basford, Stephen Gamble, Fred Town, Alicia Cooper, Helen Buchli, Edith Appling, Imelda Cooper and Inez Dawe.

Lucile Taylor has a great deal of musical talent, and plays the violin in the orchestra. James Smith is also in the Garfield band.

I think the reason that we usually succeed is due to the good spirit shown by the two classes.

Dorothy Smith.

H-8-H. This term Miss Hamsher's class elected officers, whose duty it is to take charge of the class on special occasions, such as seating the class at assemblies, taking charge of the class when the teacher is out of the room, and taking charge of class elections. The officers are: Kenneth Young,

president; George Fisher, vice president, and Neil Southwick, secretary.

Miss Hamsher's class has had a very interesting term in its studies. In connection with their civics work they made a trip to the county buildings in Oakland.

The class excelled in athletics. The boys' speedball team won numerals, because they won the championship on the Class "B" League. The girls' team was not so successful. The class is honored by having six of its members on the track team and by having the chief yell leader, Steve Knox, on its roll call. Kenneth Young, who tied for first in the unlimited jump and reach; Byron Gleason, who won the broad jump for the unlimiteds; Clara King, who broke a record in winning the broad jump for the girls' unlimiteds; and Dorothy Smith, member of the girls' one-hundred-and-five relay team are all members of this class. Rupert Wrangham and Elvin Hawley are also in the class.

This class is practically the same as it was two years ago. Both years it has taken charge of the "Eskimo Pie Stand" at the annual "Sirkus."

One of its members, Vera Chandler, was taken sick and has never recovered. The girls pay visits to her a good deal. At Christmas time the whole class presented her with a plant and two books.

Addison Laffin.

H-8-W. Miss White's advisory of high eights is proud to boast of having had an active part in all the school events of the term, as well as a 55.5 percent honor roll.

Katherine Cathcart is vice president of the G. G. A. and Augusta Doell is our representative. Ynez Springer won the second prize in the recent "World Book" contest. Earlle Brock, as Hans Brinker, helped make the "Library Day" play a success. And what would the "Mistletoe Bough" have been without the H-8-W participants? Our boys were among the prominent ones who gave such interesting programs during "Boys' Week." In the track meet we had four winners of stars and four of letters.

We are always proud when the Girls' Glee Club sings or the Orchestra or Band plays for we have members of our class in all of them.

On April 27, we visited the county offices in Oakland, for our citizenship lesson under the guidance of Miss Fraser. We had a most interesting and profitable lesson in arithmetic, when Miss White took us to visit the Mercantile Trust Company.

In a short time we hope to be among those, who enter the ninth grade having one more year in Garfield.

Class Reporter.

LOW EIGHTH GRADE

Class Teachers

L-8-X.....	Mrs. Gavin
L-8-G.....	Miss Grover
L-8-M.....	Miss Macgregor
L-8-S.....	Miss Skinner

L-8-X. Our class is not a large class

and considering its size has done very well this year in school activities. We have been 100 per cent in the various drives. In Banking we have been 100 per cent every term.

We have had fine success in basketball and after winning the championship in two leagues are now in league B.

Joseph White.

L-8-G. Miss Grover's class had the honor of being the first class to use the new auditorium. We debated before the other L-8 classes. The subject was: Resolved: That the Philippine Islands Should Have Their Freedom. Those on the affirmative side were: Sutherland Hutton, Paschal Longaker, and Ernest Shultz. Those on the negative side were, Margaret Thunen, Myrtle Thorsen, and Martha Kruschke.

Library Day our class represented certain characters of Alice in Wonderland. Naida Gilmore represented Alice; Margaret Thunen represented the White Rabbit; Martha Kruschke, the Duchess; Thomas Smith and Laura Irving as the Knave and Queen of Hearts, Paschal Longaker as the Caterpillar, Arthur Baker as the Toadstool, Frank Seonover and Royal Wiseman as Tweedledee and Tweedledum. Many spoke of our costumes, although we did not win a prize.

Miss Grover is going to set sail for Europe June 25th. She is going with the Bureau of University Travel, and she has a scholarship in Roman History, Latin and Latin Literature. She expects to be gone six months, but we hope she will be back before the term is over.

Margaret Thunen.

L-8-M. Miss Macgregor's class of thirty-four dread the parting this summer, for we fear we may not have Miss Macgregor next term. We have been quite successful in our athletics, among our number being Alma Brooks who won first place in the relay and Florence Stuart who won first place in the seventy-five yard dash.

Miss Gay and our English class took a trip (imaginary) to the Alhambra.

Miss Gay took us Sunday, May 11, to the museum at Golden Gate Park to see some pieces of the architecture of the Alhambra. Our parents and Miss Macgregor were invited to go too. I am sure we all enjoyed it.

Margaret Walbridge.

L-8-S. We returned to Garfield January, 1924, with a few new children in our class. Miss Skinner is still our advisor for which we are thankful.

Our class has not been so successful in athletics this year as last year. We are proud of the five pupils in our room who were in the track meet, for they all made their "G's."

Miss Skinner has taken us swimming two times this year.

Lida Berry.

HIGH SEVENTH GRADE

Class Teachers

H-7-K.....	Miss Kelton
H-7-X.....	Miss Kidwell
H-7-L.....	Miss Lowrey
H-7-P.....	Mrs. Penfield
H-7-R.....	Miss Riley
H-7-S.....	Mrs. I. Smith

H-7-K. Miss Kelton's class has had a very happy time this term. We have one of the largest classes in the building, that having forty-one pupils. We have the prettiest class room because it has the balcony and it is overlooking the court.

Our class has been very successful in athletics. The girls and boys have been especially successful in baseball. Seven of the girls in our room took part in the track meet. They are: Marion Cooledge, Gretha Vesper, Mabel Nelson, Catherine Miller, Hanna Laakso, Nina Standish, and Mary Walker. Four of them received G's, having come in first.

Miss Kelton, our advisor, has helped us in becoming successful in many ways.

Janice Lowe.

H-7-L. Miss Lowrey's class has done several interesting things this year. One thing we have enjoyed doing was the making of moving picture reels of Horatius in English. We were surprised to find so many artists in our midst.

On Library Day our class represented "The Birds' Christmas Carol."

In athletics some of our class received "G's" in the recent track meet.

June Handel.

Marguerite McLaggan.

H-7-P. Our class came in as the L-7-P, meaning Low 7 Penfield, as Mrs. Penfield is our teacher. Mr. Hennessey told us that we must do perfect work. We have tried to make this our motto. Many of us are on the Honor Roll each period.

The class is progressing very well. We all like Garfield and will try to co-operate so as to help ourselves and the school also.

Pauline Kavanagh.

Thula Harris.

H-7-R. Miss Riley's advisory H-7-R has had a successful team in athletics.

The boys were advanced from class D to class C and are keeping up their share of the victories. Twenty of the boys got their numerals for speedball.

The girls are champions of the H-7's in baseball and are going to get their numerals. Three of the girls received "G's" for the Track Meet.

George Miller ("Spots") was in the 85 lb. relay team and got his "G."

We can do other things besides play games, as is shown by the fact that two of our class received honors and a booklet in the World Book Contest. We also came in third for selling tickets for the art exhibit.

Henry Jones.

Mark Lawrence.

H-7-S. Among the events of this year, one of the most enjoyable and exciting days of the year was Library Day. Our class won first prize. We represented "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Some of the characters were Mrs. Wiggs, the five children, Jimmy, Billie, Asia, Australia and Europa. We personified the vegetables and flowers in Mrs. Wiggs' garden.

For this we were presented with a book "The Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Mrs. Smith is reading it to us.

Boys' Week came and we had two representatives in the city offices.

Altogether we are having an enjoyable term.

John Kilkenny.

LOW SEVENTH GRADE

Class Teachers

L-7-G.....	Miss Gay
L-7-P.....	Miss Peterson
L-7-S.....	Mrs. C. Smith
L-7-W.....	Miss Wilson

L-7-G. Miss Gay's class had 100 per cent of the class go to the U. C. Glee Club concert in honor of Garfield winning the track meet. They all enjoyed it. All in Miss Gay's class have promised to buy a Gleaner.

Ed Donahue came in second in the relay.

Miss Gay had quite a time to get a window monitor who would not forget to open the windows, because one morning the class was about suffocated because the windows were not open.

We are proud of two members of our class who won notice in the track and parade. They are Ed Donahue in the track and Bush Stone for the best decorated bike in the parade.

Stanley Marquis, a pupil in Miss Gay's advisory, has some new invention. He has a bell fixed so that when he presses his collar it rings.

Joke day was a big day in Miss Gay's class from 8:30 a. m. to 9:00.

Donald W. made a good impression in Mrs. I. Smith's mind when he played the piano so well. Elmont Baylis is a good yell leader when he is minus his partner.

Edward Willis Camp.
Ralph Shallenberger.

L-7-P. Miss Peterson's class has been very active this term and feel that they have accomplished their share. They are very fortunate to have a stage adjoining

their room. They take advantage of it by having plays taken from their readers.

They have given a large time to sports. The girls played Miss Wilson's class, Mrs. Carrie Smith's and Mrs. Iva Smith's. Although they lost them all, they tried hard and practiced much.

The boys won quite a few games this term. They were represented by Roger Scott in the Track Meet.

Although it has been a busy term Miss Peterson has found time to read to them two interesting books.

Agnes Connolly.

L-7-S. My class is composed of 23 of the brightest boys and girls in Berkeley with the exception of one. The girls are ladylike, polite and studious, maybe. They are good looking, very fashionable, almost every girl in the class having had her hair bobbed.

The Oakland Sunday Tribune says that Mary Pickford may follow our example and part with her curls.

We lead; others follow.

We excel in athletics of all kinds and one of us may challenge Helen Wills in a tennis contest soon.

Well, as for the boys they can speak for themselves.

L-7-W. When our class first entered Garfield we were timid and shy. We have, however, managed to overcome this, and since then have entered into the many activities of the Garfield School.

We had two girls on the tract team. Irene Hebard received a "G." Doris Baird did good work but unfortunately she did not win.

The girls have won seven games in baseball. So far we have beaten all the low sevens and one high seven. The girls also proved very successful in basketball winning every game with the exception of one. The boys have not been quite so fortunate in their sports.

We have a poet in our class, William Davis, who won honorable mention in the poetry contest.

We have had several dramatizations from stories in our reader. This gave many children in our class the chance to show their ability in this line.

In the middle of the term we studied the humorous story of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Every one in the room made beautiful books on it and several very good reels were produced.

Mary Stalnaker.

Mary Elizabeth Moore.

SPROTS



BASEBALL TEAM

First Row—Richard Talbot, Ted Reed, Edward Hebert, Richard Mansell, Ernest Hockenbeamer.

Second Row—Gerald Neasham, Robert Dewell, Ernest Rollins, Oscar Freitag, George Bernard.

Third Row—Julius Freitag, Moore Devin, Billy Jackson, Robley Spaulding.

FACULTY VS. KIDS

Ho, umpire, sound the whistle!
 Ho, comrades, clear the gym!
 The boys will play this fine Spring day,
 With pepper and with vim.
 Today the cats and puppies
 Flee the butcher with all haste,
 For like Dunderback they're grounded
 To appease the Garfield taste.
 Each lad is someone's hero,
 Be she blonde or be she dark,
 And e'en the teachers have some pet,—
 But list! the hotdog's bark!

And now the game advances,
 (Coach Kilburn, eat 'em up!)
 Yo! ho! Ye made a basket!
 (Now I've swallowed my warm pup!)
 Oo! Lookee Rushforth floppin' in,
 His revered side to guard,
 With arms so wildly waving,
 At his enemy glares hard;
 Behold! The score, it trembles!
 And in favor of the boys!
 The school squawks out, "We've skinned
 'em!"
 Boys win! Great guns, the noise!
 Katherine Rogers L-9-Z.



Top Row—George Bernard, Julius Freitag, Robert Bartlett, Robley Spaulding, Edward Hebert, Gordon Graham.
 Second Row—Newell Clement, Renard Farrar, Bob Dewell, Billy Jackson, Jack Kirkman.
 Bottom Row—Jerry Neasham, Dick Mansell, Edwin Garwood, Eldridge Farnsworth, Don Dart, Oscar Freitag.

THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL LEAGUE

Under the supervision of "Coach" Kilburn the Garfield boys have had a very successful season in basketball. They lost but two games out of nine played. The 105 pound team was the only team to play the season undefeated. The captain of the 105 pound team was Eldridge Farnsworth, of the 115 pound team, Jackson; and of the unlimiteds, Freitag.

The league opened in February, with the Garfield unlimiteds playing Burbank on the latter's court. In this game, Garfield's sturdy warriors proved superior to their opponents. On the same day Edison and Willard unlimiteds played at Willard's Gym, the Willard aggregation winning after a hard struggle.

The following week the Garfield 105 and 115 pound teams tried their luck at winning a game and the result was that they returned home victorious.

Edison and Burbank 105 and 115's played on the former's court. The game was won by the 105's of Burbank by a large score.

The 115 pound team proved to be a walk away for Edison.

The same week the heavyweight teams of Garfield and Edison met in a contest. This game proved to be one of the most interesting for the spectators to watch. With the game in doubt (till the last bucket was shot) hardly any of the watchers left early. Edison having rung the last bucket, the game and the first defeat of the season for the Garfield boys was chalked up. In the game scheduled for that week between Willard and Burbank heavyweights, Burbank turned out the winner in an exciting contest.

When the League was half over Garfield School was leading by one-half a game over Edison; Willard was in third place and Burbank occupied the cellar position.

With the two hardest games for the Garfield middle and lightweight teams ahead they were scheduled to play Edison. In these contests the championship was in balance. The Garfield teams went down to Edison and the 105 pound team won by an overwhelming score; while the Willard 105's and 115's won two games from Burbank

that week, thus making the League grow closer. That day the Garfield 115 pound team lost to Edison by a two point margin. Garfield could not afford to lose another game if they desired to win the championship.

The last game for Garfield 105's and 115's was with the Burbank teams; these two games proved easy for Garfield.

The game between Willard and Garfield's unlimiteds was the last game of the season. Willard proved to be a big obstacle but in a hard struggle Garfield managed to send them home on the short end of the score.

And thus Garfield won another championship.

Donald Dart H-9.
Dick Mansell H-9.



Top Row—Mary Belford, Jean Pederson, Katherine Kinney, Thelma Liddicoat, Helen Sawyer, Leila Peoples, Doreen Dunbar.

Second Row—Brenda Hargrave, Beth Strickland, Zena Harris, Beatrice Baylis, Mable McGilvery.

Third Row—Rosa Bloom, Helen Autzen, Ruth Toussaint, Margaret Williams, Clara King, Lillian Stephens, Alicia Cooper, Sylvia Batdorf, Emily McKelligon.

Front Row—Dorothy Dutton, Bonita Whitechat, Esther Stewart, Naomi Farnsworth, Julia Peterson, Majel Fahrney, Jean Cleghorn, Mary Smith, Loucrecia Scholin.

GIRLS' JUNIOR HIGH BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

The strenuous basketball practice of the girls this year gave us the championship for a second time. The games were played by the 105, 115, and unlimited teams, each of these winning the required two out of three games. All the games were full of excitement and a growing intensity. The second game of the unlimiteds, played on Wednesday, Feb. 20, was one of the hardest played. Edison winning by one point. The 115 lb. team also played a very nerve-racking game at Burbank, knowing their game would decide the championship, the 105's already having beaten.

Those playing on the unlimited team were

as follows: Beth Strickland, Beatrice Baylis, Zena Harris, Mary Belford, Jean Pedersen, Thelma Liddicott, Helen Sawyer, Katherine Cathcart, and Eleanor Razar. Those on the 115 lb. team were: Sylvia Batdorf, Margaret Williams, Emily McKelligon, Alicia Cooper, Lillian Stephens, Leila Peoples, Rosa Bloom, Ruth Toussaint, Clara King; and those playing for the 105's were: Loucrecia Scholin, Esther Stewart, Bonita Whitechat, Brenda Hargrave, Majel Fahrney, Della Fisher, Julia Peterson, Dorothy Dutton, and Mary Smith.

All the girls worked very hard for the championship and our only weakness lay in our games with Edison, as they were victorious in all the girls' games, although of no avail.

Sylvia Batdorf H-9.

FOURTH ANNUAL JUNIOR HIGH TRACK MEET

School	SCORE	Points
Garfield		295
Willard		197½
Edison		149½
Burbank		106½

Amid the great Garfield school spirit and cheers the Track Team easily walked off with the Annual Junior High Track Meet, May 2nd, at California Oval. Those students who were not among the 150 competing to help our Orange and White win, were gloriously backing up the team and showing themselves far superior to the other rooting sections in bleacher stunts.

At no time were the Garfield standbys in doubt as to who was ahead after seeing our tracksters placing somewhere in almost every event, and also the final score shows that they had nothing to worry about. After winning this meet for the second time in the past two years we are going to work much harder to have better material for Mr. Kilburn and Miss Stout next year so that we may show our appreciation and thanks for the teams they have both turned out in the past.

Going back to the track meet we commend Captain Robley Spaulding for his excellence in piloting his team to victory and helping to pile up the score for Garfield by his fine race during the meet. Garfield is proud of all her athletes for their many sacrifices which they made so that we might have a fine team.

The jump and reach, which was a new event seemed to be "meat" for Garfield, as the school made many points in this event, and those who took first places in this established new records.

The relays were big factors in making our big score, for all Garfield athletes are fleet of foot to begin with, and in general the Garfield team is strongest on the running.

The following is the summary of how the Garfield tracksters placed in the meet and also how Garfield made their big score:

Boys' 85 Lb. Class

50 yd. dash—Harry Malon, first.
 High jump—Dellet, second; Cooper, third.
 Running broad jump—Linder, third; Little, fourth.
 Basketball throw—Bailey, second.
 Jump and reach—Hargrave, third; Wallace, fourth.

Girls' 85 Lb. Class

50 yd. dash—Marion Christiansen, second.
 Standing broad jump—Walker, first; Ernest, second.
 Basketball throw—Koski, second.
 Jump and reach—Vesper, fourth.
 Baseball throw—Best, second; Standish, third.

Boys' 95 Lb. Class

50 yd. dash—Heinrich, second.
 High jump—Dechant, second; Wrangham, third.
 Running broad jump—Luce, second.
 Basketball throw—Barhyte, first.
 Jump and reach—McCarthy, third; Condon, fourth.

Girls' 95 Lb. Class

50 yd. dash—Grimm, first.
 Basketball throw—Rathbone, second.
 Jump and reach—Moles, third.
 Baseball throw—Cooper, Third; Godin, fourth.
 Standing broad jump—Roeding, second; Saley, third.

Boys' 105 Lb. Class

75 yd. dash—Dart, first.
 High jump—Bellante, second; Kavanagh, third.
 Running broad jump—Mansell, second.
 Basketball throw—Farnsworth, first.
 Jump and reach—Haines, third; Freitag, first.

Girls' 105 Lb. Class

75 yd. dash—F. Stewart, first.
 Baseball throw—Whitechat, third.
 Basketball throw—Fisher, third.
 Broad jump—Woolman, first.
 Jump and reach—Stewart, first; Peterson, third.

Boys' 115 Lb. Class

100 yd. dash—Ross, first.
 High jump—Clement, first.
 Running broad jump—Dewell, first.
 Basketball throw—Talbot, first.
 Jump and reach—Berry, second; Perry, third.

Girls' 115 Lb. Class

100 yd. dash—Stephens, first.
 Basketball throw—Watson, third.
 Standing broad jump—Williams, third.
 Jump and reach—Nelson, second; Rogers, fourth.

Boys' Unlimited

100 yd. dash—Spaulding, first.
 High jump—Reed, first; Cooney, second.
 Running broad jump—Gleason, first; Foster, third.
 Basketball throw—Huddelston, third.
 Jump and reach—Dennison, first; Young, second.

Girls' Unlimited

100 yd. dash—Baylis, first.
 Baseball throw—L. Peoples, third; Shelley, fourth.
 Basketball throw—Martin, third.
 Broad jump—Thelma Fuller, third; Burrows, fourth.
 Jump and reach—Harris, first; Schwartz, fourth.

Donald Munro H-9.

Donald Dart H-9.

THE NOON INDOOR LEAGUES

The noon indoor leagues have been a great success. The noon leagues are directed by Coach Kilburn. There are four different leagues of noon indoor games. The four leagues are classed as A, B, C and D. The class A league consists of the classes with the best teams. The class B league consists of classes with teams not quite so good. The class C and D leagues are classed likewise. The class A league is led by Mr. Rushforth's class. The class B league is led by Miss Hamsher. The class C league is led by Mrs. Gavin's class. The class D league is led by Miss Peterson's class. The winners of the different leagues will be awarded circle G's.

Ernest Hockenbeamer.

THE SPEEDBALL LEAGUE

Mrs. Gray's class won the speedball league of the school by playing twenty-one games in all, winning eighteen games, tying one and losing two, not counting the two championship games.

The championship games were played by Mrs. Gray's class vs. Miss Hampshire's class, and Mrs. Gray's class won by the score of 4 to 0. Miss Riley's class won the game played with Miss Abbay's class. The championship of the school was played by Mrs. Gray's class vs. Miss Riley's class and Mrs. Gray's boys won by the score of 10 to 0.

Herbert Foster H-9.

BASEBALL

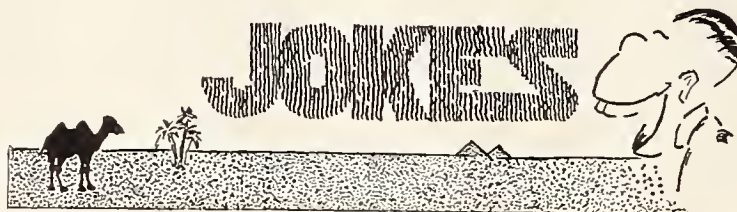
School	Junior High League Standing		Pct.
	Won	Lost	
Edison	6	0	1.000
Garfield	2	2	.500
Burbank	1	3	.250
Willard	1	5	.166

After a long drawn out season the Garfield baseball team took second place in the Berkeley Junior High Baseball League, only to be bettered by Edison who went through the season with a clean record of no defeats. It was only to Edison that Captain Ed. Hebert's team lost.

At no time during the whole season did the members of the Garfield squad let up on the fighting spirit, working hard in every game. After the Edison game the Garfielders started slugging, running up large scores in all the rest of the games. Ernest Roland, Garfield's stellar pitcher, showed himself effective in every game and also did a fair share of the hitting. Captain Hebert, his battery mate behind the bat was the back bone of the team working hard in all the phases of the game. "Oscy" Freitag, Robley Spaulding, George Bernard and Julius Freitag were the outstanding hitters on the team.

Next year Garfield will have a lot of good material to pick from and should have a big show in winning the pennant.

Don Munro H-9.



The simple jokes upon this page
Are dusty from a ripe old age
But then perhaps you'll risk a smile.
The editors can put on file.—A. F.

Bob Bartlett—"Do you know, I've always had a wonderful ear for music?"

Harry McGrath—"Is that so?"

Bob Bartlett—"Yes, at the age of two I used to play on the linoleum."

What's the use of learning
An ancient history date,
When I can make a modern one
At quarter after eight.

Mr. Burke, at a political banquet, was to be the last speaker. Instead of following the planned outline the chairman introduced many more speakers. The whole company was very weary when the chairman said, "Mr. Burke will now give us his address." Mr. Burke rose, stifled a yawn, and said, "My address is 509 Hill St., Brooklyn, New York. Good night, and pleasant dreams."

Teacher (having listened to small boy's answer)—"Tommy, where's your grammar?"

Tommy—"She's in bed, sir, with a bad cold."—Exchange.

When you're in the library
And havin' lots of fun
A-laughing and a-jabbering
As if your time had come
You'd better watch the corner
And keep a-lookin' out
Or Miss Patton will get you
Ef you don't watch out!

Teacher asked the class to write a composition on the effects of laziness.
One bright boy handed in a blank sheet of paper.—Exchange.

Bob Dewell—"What made the tower of Pisa lean?"

Dick Mansel—"Why, 'er, it was built in a time of famine."

A German and his wife went to the Opera one evening and as the program began they heard the piano playing and the man said it was "My Trundle Bed" and his wife said it was "the Melody in F." Finally, she said, "You go downstairs where you can see the board and see what it is." When he came back she asked what it was.

"V've vas neider right," he said, it was de, "Refrain from Spitting."—Exchange.

Sidney Denison—"I sleep with my dog every night now."

Harold Kehoe—"Don't you know that isn't healthy?"

Sidney Denison—"Sure, but he's used to it now."

Elmer Marliave bumped his head on the door casement and exclaimed: "Ouch, I hit my crazy bone."

The meanest man in the world is the warden who puts a tack in the electric chair.—Bison.

Teacher—"Edward, what three words are used most in the English language?"

Ed. Hebert—"I don't know."

Teacher—"Correct."

He tried to cross a railroad track
Before a rushing train,
They put the pieces in a sack
But couldn't find the brain.

Mrs. Highbrow—"Travel broadens one so."

Mrs. Lowbrow—"Yes, and so does eating."

Horatius

Horatius, the Roman,

Was clever in his time

As Mr. T. Macaulay

Has told us in his rhyme.

But if this ancient hero

Should come to Garfield school

His grades would all be zero

And he'd think the teachers cruel.

Jane Herrick.

An Easterner's View of California

A Californian gets up at the alarm of a Connecticut clock, buttons his Chicago suspenders to Detroit overalls, washes his face with Florida water and Cincinnati soap in a Pennsylvania basin, wipes his face on a Rhode Island towel, sits up to a Grand Rapids table, eats Kansas City meat and Minnesota flour and Idaho potatoes cooked in Indiana lard on a St. Louis stove, burning Wyoming coal. He then puts a New York bridle on a Colorado broncho fed on Iowa corn; ploughs five acres of land covered with Ohio mortgages with a Chattanooga plow.

When bed-time comes he reads a chapter in a Bible printed in Boston, says a prayer written in Jerusalem; crawls under blankets made in New Jersey only to be kept awake by fleas—the only home grown product of his own state. But still I have heard it said that everyone comes to California to see all the wonderful things that grow here.—Ex.

"They're all crazy about me, here," declared the new insane asylum keeper in his first report.

So tall, so slim, so dark.

A vamp?

Oh, no! A corner street lamp.

Slim—How are you getting along at home while your wife is away?

Jim—Fine. I've reached the height of efficiency. I can put on my socks from either end.—Ex.

"Oh, no!" soliloquized Johnny bitterly, "there ain't any favorites in this family. Oh, no! If I bite my finger nails, I get a rap over the knuckles. but if the baby eats his whole foot, they think it's cute."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Slacker!

Oh, Mam'selle Gay of Garfield,
By the many zeros she swore
That the great study of spelling
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the num'rous zeros she swore it,
And named a testing day,
She hunted up the hardest work,
(Oh, woe is me! We couldn't shirk!)
We'd flunk without delay.

From many books she finds 'em,
And very great our fright.
Lengthy ones, and catchy ones,
For us it is "Goodnight!"
Shame on the false Garfieldite,
Who stays away to "rest,"
When Mam'selle Gay of Garfield
Gives out the spelling test!
(Due apologies to the composer of
"Horatius"!)
Katherine Rogers L-9.

Bob Hunter—"I don't believe in valentines."

Byron Larson—"I didn't get any either."

"Seen any mysterious strangers around here lately?" casually inquired the detective from the city.

"Waal," answered Uncle Eben, "there was a feller over to town with the circus last week that took a pair of rabbits out o' my whiskers."

The speaker waxed eloquent, and after his peroration on women's rights, he said, "When they take our girls, as they threaten, away from the coeducational colleges, what will follow? What will follow, I repeat?"

And a loud masculine voice in the audience replied, "I will."—Ex.

"I'm sorry to have to do this," said little Bobbie, as he spread the jam on the baby's face, "but I can't have suspicion pointing its finger at me."—Ex.

An Englishman and an American were taking a walk in an American forest when the American exclaimed after a hooting was heard:

"That's an owl."

"What is it?" asked the Englishman.

"An owl," replied the American.

"Yes, but what is it?"

"I said it was an owl," was the rather hasty response.

"Yes. I know it is an 'owl, but what's 'owling?"

Ted Reed—"Who was Homer?"

Robe Spaulding—"He must be that fellow that Ruth has been knocking out."

Teacher—"James, do you know why you're getting so many fours?"

James—"I can't think."

Teacher—"That's just it."

A little girl had often watched her mother measure a yard by holding it near her nose with one hand and at arm's length with the other. One day she came to her mother with the words, "Mamma, will you smell this ribbon and see how long it is?"

Frosh—"Waiter, I ordered an egg sandwich and you brought me a chicken sandwich."

Waiter—"Yes, sir; I was a little late calling for your order."—Ex.

He saw her in the dark and kissed her,

Murmuring in an undertone:

"Who is it with lips of nectar?"

She softly cooed: "The chaperone."

—Ex.

"Boy, is this the field on which the great battle was fought?" asked the tourist.

"No, sir; that be at the top of the hill," replied the native boy.

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed the tourist; "that must be a mile away. Why didn't they fight it in this field?"

"I suppose because this 'ere field belongs to Farmer Johnson. He never would lend his field for anything, not even the village sports."—Ex.

"I don't like your heart action," said the medical examiner. "You've had some trouble with Angina Pectoris."

"You're partly right, doctor," said the applicant sheepishly, "only that ain't her name."—Ex.

A girl's worst problem in wet weather is making her marcel wave stay wove, and her bangs stay bung.—Ex.

"Speaking of bathing in famous springs," said the tramp to the tourist, "I bathed in the spring of '86."—Ex.

Visitor—"Can you tell me if Bill Jones is up in his room?"

Frosh—"Sorry, there's nobody home in the top story."

Visitor—"Oh, excuse me. I'll ask someone else."

As the fair damsel truly said as she watched the great big athlete contesting in the pole-vault event: "Just think how much higher he could go if he didn't have to carry the big long stick."—Ex.

Traffic Rule No. 2 in Tokio, Japan, is as follows:

"When a passenger of the foot heave in sight tootle the horn trumpet to him melodiously at first. If he still obstacles your passage, tootle with angry vigor and express by words of mouth the warning: 'Hi! Hi!'"—Ex.

The Eskimos are men of might,
In summer time they fish and fight,
And in winter when it's cold at night,
They make Eskimo pies. Fooled ya!—Ex.

He—"Why do blushes creep over girls' faces?"

She—"Because if they ran they would kick up too much dust."

"If your father heard your stupid answers, it would make him turn in his grave!"

"It couldn't. He was cremated."—Ex.

"I'm a little stiff from bowling."

"Where did you say you were from?"—Ex.

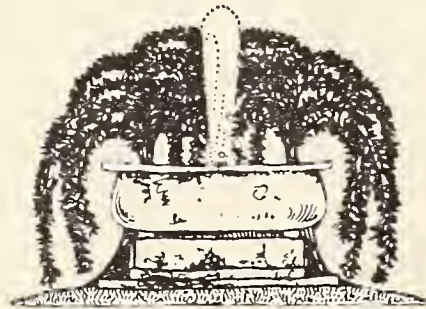
A system of identifying dogs by nose-prints is being started in Paris. Our plan is to whistle. If the animal takes no notice, we know he is ours.—Ex.

Father—"How are you doing with your arithmetic lesson, son?"

Son—"The teacher said I would do better if you didn't help me."—Ex.

"Was it not disgraceful the way Smiggs snored in church today?"

"I should think it was. Why, he woke us all up."—Ex.



AUTOGRAPHS

Wm. W. Linn.

Barbara Sherburne

James Rowe

Nina Standish

Harriette Wilcox

William W. Foster

Luella Clinton

John W. ...

John Wilson

Herbert ...

Carlton Peck

Juanita Park

Wendy ...

[Large, faint, illegible handwritten scribbles]

[Faint handwritten signature]

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

Flora Wilson

AUTOGRAPHS

Mary Walker